

Vol. XVII

SEPTEMBER, 1909

No. 3

THE
COLORED AMERICAN
MAGAZINE

OCT 25 1909

FEATURES



The Louisville Meeting of The League

By HENRY E. BAKER

Hard Beginnings of Henry O. Tanner

By HENRY O. TANNER

A Negro Student at Oxford

By ALAIN LEROY LOCKE

The Black Heroine of Slavery

The Union of South Africa

By AN EX-CONSUL

Kedeers of the Temple (Poem)

By WM. STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

The Negro Behind President Madison

By GEORGE W. FORBES

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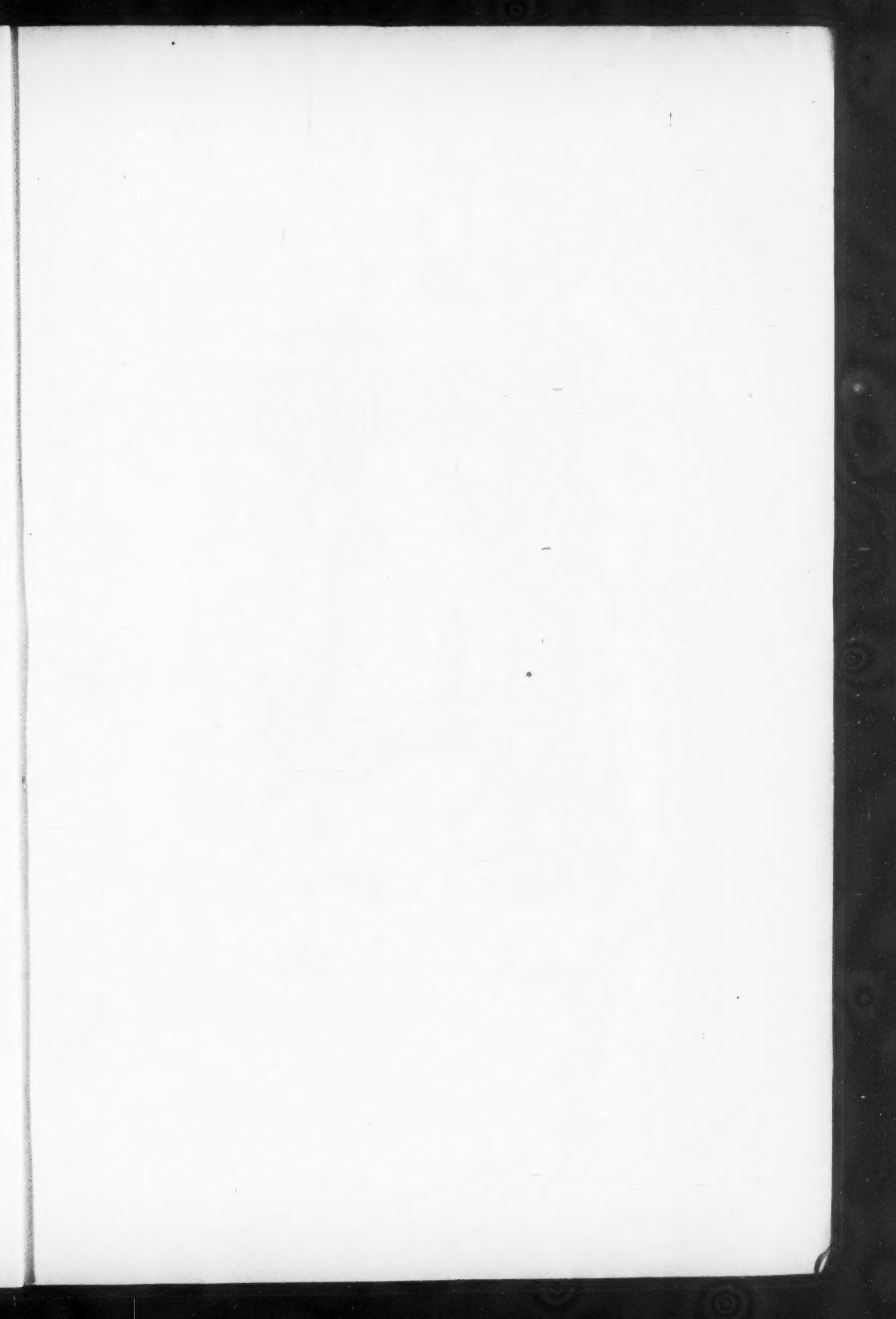
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The Colored American Magazine

GEORGE W. HARRIS, Editor

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DR. MARCUS F. WHEATLAND
Eminent X-Ray Expert. President Elect of N. M. A.

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII.

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THE MONTH

THE month of August was one of large events touching the Negro. These events have been significant and auspicious in Africa, Europe and America, and if in one phrase we should epitomize the handwriting of the month on the Negro it would be "Progress and a Fuller Future" rather than as some things that the world from the Negro point is in a maelstrom of discouraging unrest, it is in a settling eddy of favorable readjustment. At home great gatherings like the National Negro Business League in Louisville and the National Medical Association at Boston and the Zion Connectional Council in New York have quite filled the public eye, and these efforts made solely from within the race are the most encouraging evidences of the happier future.

POLITICAL

But in the larger world in the final

analysis, results will redound to the black man's uplift. The four colonies of South Africa, Cape Colony, Transvaal, Orange River and Natal, have combined under the English Crown. Cape Colony has been the most "English" of them all; Cape Colony alone gave the Negro the franchise and considerable educational opportunities, and Cape Colony has the largest and deciding vote in the union. Entire South Africa will probably be constrained to follow suit eventually. Colonel Mangin, a French army officer and an expert on African affairs, has arranged for a French colored army of 200,000 men, to which he has extended a quasi-official invitation to American Negroes. It is estimated that the Negro army will cost \$14,000,000 a year, and will solve France's military situation, according to a cable from a trustworthy correspondent of a great New York daily.

Much attention has recently been directed toward Abyssinia, the great Af-



KING MENELIK OF ABYSSINIA

rican Negro kingdom, because of the death of Ras Makonnen, her military leader and the conqueror of Italy, and because of the wedding of King Menelik's thirteen-year-old nephew and heir apparent.

Judged either by his valor and his virtue or by his achievements, General Ras Makonnen, the dead Abyssinian warrior, was one of the great generals of his day and time. Exercising the chief command in the battle of Adowa in 1896, it was through his strategy and valor that the Italians were routed, and Abyssinia, that great Negro African kingdom, has remained free and independent. Out of an invading army of about 28,000 men, the Italians there lost half their officers and fully a third of their men. So disastrous was the final rout that not an Italian of one division was left to tell the story. Abyssinia to-day enjoys a measure of respect from Europe that insures a hearing for the voice of King Menelik. The

name of Abyssinia is to-day a fierce curse word in Italy. The stable kingdom is making commendable progress in civilization.

The Negroes of Cuba, following the leadership of Senor Monia Del Gado, the Negro president of the Cuban Senate, are still in control of their strategic political position from which they have been forcing President Gomez to concede many plums in the government.

Perhaps the most auspicious political event of the month in the United States was the split during its early days of the Democrats over the proposed Negro disfranchising measure to be voted on this fall. It is evident that the pet Southern measure will now be defeated with Negroes, Republicans and Democrats aligned against it. Giving as this does a staggering blow to southern disfranchisement these prominent Democrats oppose on personal, political and patriotic grounds, and say:

"We object to a perpetual privileged class created by the 'grandfather clause.' It is un-American and undemocratic. The Democratic party has been pledged to insert an educational test in any suffrage amendment it would put before the people. This pledge has been violated and a disingenuous scheme substituted, under which intelligence is entirely disregarded."

"Finally, we oppose the amendment because we believe it to be directly contrary to the provisions of the Constitution of the United States, which

is the supreme law of the land in Maryland as well as elsewhere."

The following officers were elected: Chairman, Douglas M. Wylie; treasurer, Henry C. Shirley; executive committee, Douglas M. Wylie, R. Brent, Keyser, Bernard N. Baker, Allan McLane, E. Parkin Keech, Jr., John T. Jarks, Henry C. Shirley, William H. Perkins, Jr., Harry E. Mann, Leigh Bonsal, Lawrason Riggs, Stuart S. Janney.

The only city in Alabama under the exclusive control of Negroes was officially killed when Gov. B. B. Comer last week signed a bill cancelling its charter. The bill was passed at the special session of the Legislature, which adjourned last Tuesday.

The town was named after Richmond Pearson Hobson, in memory of the Spanish War deeds of the Alabamian, and was incorporated by a special law. Only Negroes lived in the town, which had a population of about 800. It was found by Representative Cooper, of Calhoun County, in which the Negro town was located, that the government had been unwise.

The rumor has gained widespread circulation and credence that the Hon. W. H. Lewis was no longer in the government service. When the Boston Immigration Bureau, of which Mr. Lewis was chief, was closed on July 1 for want of funds, he was transferred to his original position as Assistant United States District Attorney at Boston.

EDUCATIONAL

The ground for the first of the chain

of Catholic schools to be planted in the South was broken during the month in Jackson, Miss. The school will be literary at first and partially industrial later, and will cost \$15,000. This plan for the Catholization of Southern Negroes has the expressed sanction of Pope Pius.

Governor Brown, of Georgia, was defeated in his efforts for a compulsory educational law during the first days of the month. It was defeated on the score that it would mean eventual Negro equality and that of "increased Negro uselessness."

The Methodist Episcopal Freedmen's Aid Society directors elected a successor to Rev. Frank R. English, president of Rust University, a large Methodist institution for Negroes, at Holly Springs, Miss. Rev. English declares he was ordered to leave the town of Ethel, Miss., by a mob of 400 men, angry because he shook hands with a colored district superintendent at a colored conference, where he made an address. He was elected president of Rust University only three weeks ago.

Contrary to recent precedent, Newark, N. J., has decided to have no more Negro schools. Negro pupils have been segregated since before the Civil War. Recently Prof. James M. Baxter, the principal, applied for retirement after upward of forty years' continuous service, and the School Board then began to realize that it was useless to draw the color line any longer.

The Alabama Legislature has turned down the bill of Representative Reynolds to apportion school money on

the basis of taxes paid by each race.

BUSINESS AND GENERAL

The National Negro Business League held its banner meeting at Louisville on August 18, 1909. Never before has any other State—not excepting Maryland with its warm welcome at Baltimore last year—given representatives of the Negro race so inspiring a welcome. Governor Wilson of Kentucky, Mayor Grinstead of Louisville, and President F. C. Nunnemaker of the Louisville Board of Trade gave to the assembled Negro delegates, personal and hardly precedented welcomes. The city council of Louisville like that of Baltimore appropriated money for their reception and the commercial institutions of the Kentucky metropolis opened wide their doors for inspection as well as patronage. If press reports may be believed, the white citizens of Louisville generally were a close second to that city's colored population in their interest, for not one untoward incident marred the session. Especially generous in their news and editorial columns and with portraits were such great Kentucky journals as the Louisville Herald and the Louisville Courier Journal. But the Louisville gathering at the call of President Washington establishes a record in race history for the efforts there initiated by the Negro to help himself. Not only were those energetic offshoots of the League, the National Negro Undertakers' Association and the National Negro Bankers' As-

sociation present in their biggest meetings, but two new and needed organizations were formed, the National Negro Press Association and the Negro State Bar Association. The entire day devoted to Mississippi was nothing short of a revelation as to the progress in business the Negroes are making in that "most Southern of Southern States."

The formation of a chemical company for the manufacture and sale of drugs, medicine and pharmaceutical preparations is one of the latest business undertakings started by Negroes in Atlanta. The company will capitalize for \$25,000 with privilege of increasing the capital stock to \$100,000. The charter members of the new company are: Dr. W. H. Davis of Washington, D. C.; Dr. Moses Amos of Atlanta; D. L. Jackson of Dougherty, Ga.; Dr. W. R. Boykin of Albany, Ga.; Prof. J. W. Holley of Macon; J. B. Long of Atlanta, and M. O. Lee of Albany.

In the rifle competition held at Fort Niagara, representing the Department of the East and the Department of the Gulf, high honors went to two Negro soldiers—Quartermaster Sergeant E. Hawkins, of Company K, Twenty-fourth Regiment, and Corporal R. Bond, of Company C, Twenty-fourth Infantry.

The competition was held under the direction of Major General Leonard Wood, with Major Carl Reichman, of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, directly in charge.

The Louisville Meeting of the League

By HENRY E. BAKER

The recent convention of the National Negro Business League, which was held at Louisville, beginning on August 18, was in many respects one of the most important gatherings of colored men that this country has seen. Politics and religion have each in its turn brought together large bodies of thoughtful men of the race, but each such gathering has seemed to narrow the scope of its operation to meet the political or denominational demands of its supporters.

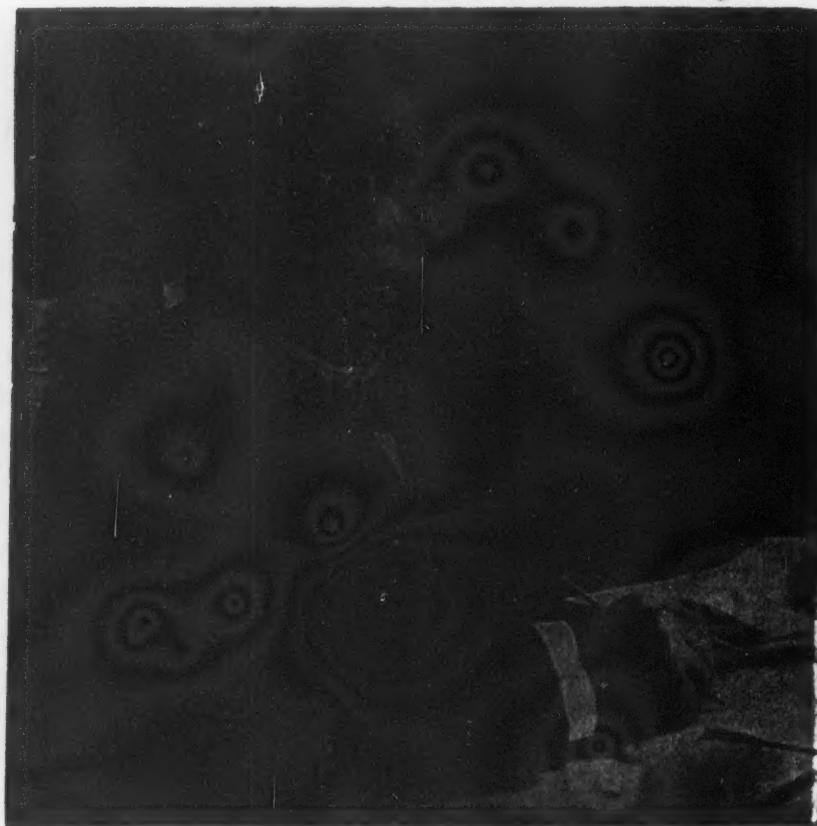
The Louisville convention was conducted on broader principles than those dictated by party or denomination. Its personnel, too, was far different. The ranting politician and the denominational bigot were displaced by the resourceful business man. And over and above all was the guiding genius of the man whose constructive talent has made these conventions a possibility.

It was my first sight of such a gathering, though this one was the tenth annual convention of this league; and it was a matter of no little interest to me to sit and hear from their own lips the varied stories of the struggles encountered by those men, each of whom had fought a successful fight in his efforts to establish a place for himself in the wide world of independent business. Varied as were their experi-

ences, there was yet a striking thematic unity throughout the whole drama as it gradually unfolded itself before the audiences at the several sessions of the convention. In other words, each had learned by experience the same hard lesson, namely, that square dealing, personal honor, strict economy and intelligent attention to the details of his business constituted alone the price of success. This was true alike of the farmer, the handcraftsman, the merchant, the real estate dealer, and the professionalist.

Nearly every section of the country was represented, and from everywhere came substantially the same report, i. e., that the successful business man always traveled along the line of least resistance, so far as concerned the matter of race discrimination in his particular community.

An unusual feature of the convention was the assignment of a whole day to the single State of Mississippi—and right worthily did they fill it. The delegation from that State was particularly strong in its personnel as well as in its resources. Foremost among them was the Hon. Isaiah T. Montgomery, the famous founder of the thriving Negro town of Mound Bayou. Then there was his chief lieutenant, the alert, self-possessed, resourceful Charles Banks, the cashier of



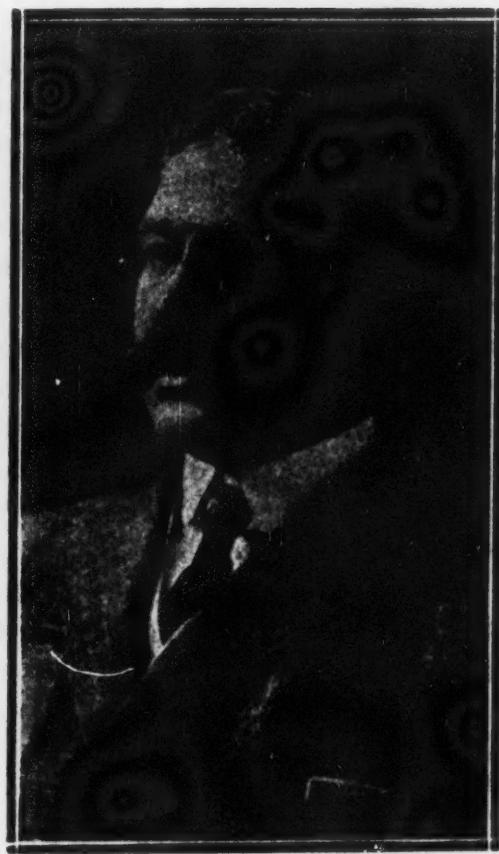
PRESIDENT BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

the Negro bank at Mound Bayou, who presided over the convention on "Mississippi Day." There were present also such capable Mississippians as Bishop Cottrell, Lawyer Mollison and Messrs. Johnson, McKissack, Bowman, Manaway and others, all of whom had achieved signal success in their respective lines of business.

It has long been a popular comment on Negro Mississippians that they have been rather "backward in coming forward," both educationally and commercially, but such an opinion could not have survived an attendance at the Louisville convention. On the contrary, the showing made by that State in all that goes to make material prog-

ress among the Negroes was distinctly gratifying to all who witnessed it. They lead the South in the strength and number of their fraternal organizations, as well as in their efficient and faithful management. They own, operate and control, within the limits of their own State, 17 of the 47 Negro banks throughout the country, and they are making substantial advance toward the front rank in educational and commercial statistics of value among their race.

This note on the convention would be incomplete did it not contain some observation on the cordial hospitality of the city in which it was held. This hospitality seemed to grow sponta-



DR. S. E. COURTNEY

neously out of a whole-heartedness that was not confined alone to the colored residents there. The white citizens, from the Governor down, showed a generous appreciation of the good that such meetings produced. Governor Wilson was there to welcome the delegates formally, and his admirable address rang true on all the points of sincerity, whole-heartedness and cordiality. He sat throughout the whole morning session, which lasted several hours, and at its conclusion went gallantly down the aisle of the church to be introduced to Mrs. Booker T. Washington and Mrs. J. C. Napier, who were seated in the audience.

Mayor Grimstead, of Louisville, also made an address of welcome on behalf of the city, and was, equally with Governor Wilson, cordial and sincere in his welcome. The numerous social functions, both large and small, attested the genuineness of the welcome by Louisville's colored citizens, while the large gathering at McCauley's Theatre on the evening of Dr. Washington's annual address showed how the city at large appreciated the significance of the convention.

Dr. Washington said in part:

"Before we became a free people there were those who freely predicted that the Negro race would disappear because, it was said, in a state of freedom, the race could neither shelter, clothe or feed itself. For more than forty years we have been free, and except in the case of local or special calamities, we have never yet called upon the nation for a dollar with which to either shelter, clothe or feed us. To have achieved this result is glory within itself. But, as I have already indicated, we have gone further. If we have done this within the last forty years in the midst of all the vexing and trying problems with which we have been surrounded, what may we not achieve within the next forty years? But we must remember that, in the South especially, hitherto we have had a pretty free field, but in the future we must prepare for competition—competition in the field, in the shop, in the store, in the kitchen. This competition must be met not by sentiment nor by appeal to race prejudice, but by supe-

rior service, by superior usefulness. If we can do this we will hold all that we have and gain more. In our Southern country no man who can do what the community wants done need seek employment in vain. On the other hand, employment will seek him.

"I have just remarked that the Negro has friends in our Southern country who mean to stand by him. And here let me add that we should stand by them. This is no idle assertion. In so far as the Negro race in America is concerned, if you ask me to state what in my opinion has been the most important event within recent years, I would state that it has not been in the election of a good and just man as President of the United States, as important as that is, but it has been the fact that in one of the Southern States when the question was raised on one of the Southern railroads as to whether

the Negro fireman was to have a fair chance to earn his daily bread, that white men, not from Massachusetts or New York, but white men who live in Georgia and Alabama decided that the man with black skin for equal service should have equal pay with the man of white skin, decided, in a word, that the Negro should have without question a chance for all time in the Southland to earn his daily bread. It remains, then, for us as a race to back up this decision not by idle words, but by the daily service which we render in every community where the Negro resides. I put the question, then, to you, the successful representatives of our race in nearly every part of the United States, will you see to it that this is done when you return to your homes?

Freedom's Semi-Centennial.

"Four years from now, or in 1913, the Negro will have been free in America fifty years. It is proper, it seems to me, for this organization to initiate and carry forward a movement which has already been suggested by individuals, to hold somewhere in the country an exhibition for the celebration of this event. If such an exposition is projected, it should be carefully and well planned for. It should be in the hands of able and successful individuals, and should be so organized and conducted as to indicate by tangible and visible means the tremendous growth that has taken place in the material, educational, moral and religious life of the Negro during the half century of his freedom. I strongly urge that the executive committee of this



A. C. HOWARD

organization, or some proper body connected with it, take under serious consideration the wisdom of arranging for such an exposition.

Visit of Liberian Commission.

"Among the important events of the past twelve months, I cannot refrain from calling attention to the fact that our race in America has been called upon to lend a helping hand to our brothers in Liberia, Africa. We can further congratulate ourselves that this call has been responded to favorably, and that the secretary and mainstay of this organization, Mr. Emmett J. Scott, was appointed as the Negro member of the commission to make the trip to Liberia, and carry the good will and helping hand of this government to our brethren on the west coast of Africa. He has performed that delicate and difficult task, as the future will show, with wisdom, courage and patience, and has thus reflected credit upon our organization, upon our race, and our nation.

"In our haste and ambition to grow in material and commercial directions, we must not overlook some of the more fundamental things in life. No matter how many dollars an individual or organization may accumulate, no matter how many business enterprises he may be responsible for, failure and not success will be the result in each case unless we take along with material prosperity the underlying principles of high moral righteous living both as individuals and as organizations. The man with blackened character, with low morals, who has no regard for the

kind of company he keeps, who has little regard for his word, is not the individual who in the long run will prosper in any business enterprise. We cannot separate morality from business. The man who tries to do this will go down in failure. The man who puts into his business high moral principles and practices in doing so will reflect credit upon our entire people."

The League Officers.

The officers of the league are as follows: Dr. Booker T. Washington, president; Charles Banks, first vice-president; Dr. S. G. Elbert, second vice-president; Harry T. Pratt, third vice-president; J. A. Lankford, fourth vice-president; W. H. Stewart, fifth vice-president; Emmett J. Scott, corresponding secretary; Gilbert C. Harris, treasurer; R. C. Houston, assistant registrar; Cyrus Field Adams, transportation agent; William H. Davis, official stenographer; S. Laing Williams, compiler. Executive Committee: J. C. Napier, chairman; Dr. S. E. Courtney, Dr. S. A. Furniss, W. L. Taylor, W. T. Andrews, J. B. Bell, F. D. Patterson, N. T. Velar, J. C. Jackson, M. M. Lewey, E. P. Booze and J. E. Bush.

In connection with the regular session, group meetings were held by the National Association of Funeral Directors, G. W. Franklin, president; National Negro Press Association, R. W. Thompson, president; National Negro Bankers' Association, Dr. W. R. Pettiford, president, and the National Negro Bar Association, Albert S. White,

president. A manufacturers' group is suggested by F. D. Patterson and A. C. Howard, and will be formed at the next session.

The next meeting will be held in Boston, Mass.

I said in the beginning that Dr. Washington's guiding genius was over it all. This is literally true. His was the master mind that shaped discussion, trimmed down useless preliminaries, cut short the expansive theorist, and checked the rising tide of parliamentary disturbance whenever it lifted its head above the surface.

It is the current comment in some quarters that the National Negro Business League is Mr. Washington's personal organ. This may be true; I am not concerned in proving or disproving it; but, if for any purpose whatever, Dr. Washington has succeeded in gathering around him such a body of

strong, intelligent, resourceful, energetic and successful colored men as those who, for the most part, constitute that league, then, in that act alone, to say nothing of the splendid results of his educational work for the race, he has placed beyond all cavil, and for all time, his supreme right to constructive leadership among the Negroes of our country. That league is an army of workers. The men in it are busy doing something. They are making progress, and progress of the kind that counts. They are actually "blazing the way" through the forest of doubt that now surrounds us; and by and by, when we shall have passed out of this forest into the broad sunlight of a brighter day, those who reach that Canaan will look back upon the class of men who formed the business league as being the real leaders in that mighty struggle.

DREAMS OF LIFE.

There were no kings of men till men
Made kings of men, and of the earth;
There were no privileged classes when
First Nature, man and beasts had
birth.

Man was sole monarch of his sphere
And each with equal power was
made;
Each from the earth partook his
share;
Each shared with each earth's sun
and shade.

No fetters on the limbs were bound;
The intellect was free as light;
Man's every wish abundance found;
He gloried in his earth-wide right.

God made the earth and sky—the
breath
Of mountain and of smiling vale—
And filled them all with life, not
death,
As bracing as the ocean gale!

TIMOTHY FORTUNE.

Hard Beginnings of Henry O. Tanner

By H. O. TANNER

Paris, present day authority on art, says America has produced three great painters, Whistler, Sargent and Henry O. Tanner, the subject of this autobiography. The son of the widely known A. M. E. Bishop Tanner, Mr. Tanner was voted by Pittsburg some years ago as one of its foremost citizens among the Sodom and Gomorrah elect. During his recent visit to New York, the pastor of the famous Plymouth church called him the second greatest Negro in the world. In this delightful and dignified article taken from *World's Work* for June, we have the inspiring account of his hard beginnings.—EDITOR.



Y recollections of Pittsburgh, Pa., where I was born, and which I left at about five years of age, are confined singularly enough to the memory of a great Dutch oven. That all the other things, or nearly all, have vanished from my memory makes one inquire, why? What was it that so indelibly impressed this cumbersome structure upon a childish mind? Was it the flames licking the interior with their serpent-like shapes—caged lurid serpents—seeking, as it were, a means of escape, but whose brilliancy faded into wreathing smoke when their over-leaping desire carried them too far from their source of life? Or was it the great, brown, savory loaves, the crumpled edges of which always fell to our lot. Was it the artistic sense of the weird, or was it more probably the mere prospect of "loaves and fishes"?

Aside from any personal memories, Pittsburgh has always been dear to me because of hearing my father say so many times, "A Pittsburgher of three generations." We children came to know that this expression was the one often used after his "fur had been rubbed

the wrong way." There was always a touch of pride in it, and I soon got to feel that "a Pittsburgher of three generations" was a thing that did not fall to the lot of every man. "Like father, like son." Once in my life (once only, I believe) I was heard to say, "A Pittsburgher of four generations."

This boast, however, would not have been possible, I am sure, had I lacked the extreme care given so freely by a loving mother; for I was a most delicate child. If she had tried on me the "toughening process," so often advised by overknowing neighbors, I should probably have but added one to that already heavy column in vital statistics—"infant mortality."

My early years, as I recollect, ran the usual course of childish vicissitudes; but, when I had become a lad of twelve or thirteen, there occurred a trivial event which was to me of the utmost importance. I was walking out with my father one fine afternoon in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, where we then resided, when I saw for the first time a real, live artist—and at work.

The subject the artist had chosen was

a middle distance hillside with a magnificent elm in bold relief. Showing my lack of comprehension of what the artist was trying to do, I asked my father: "Why does he not have a spy-glass so that he can see that big tree more distinctly? Why does he get so far away?" It was this simple event that, as 't were, set me on fire. Like many children, I had drawn upon my slate to the loss of my lessons, or all over the fences to the detriment of the landscape, but never had it crossed my mind that I should be an artist, nor had I ever wished to be. But, after seeing this artist at work for an hour, it was decided on the spot, by me at least, that I would be one, and I assure you it was no ordinary one I had in mind.

After I had watched this artist off the scene that afternoon, I eagerly hurried home, and, although it was nearly dark, I that very night shortened the skirt of an awning over our kitchen door for canvas, and for a palette requisitioned the back of an old geography, with a hole jabbed through for my thumb. And what a pride this palette was! It seemed to me that this was the most characteristic, if not the most necessary, piece of artistic trappings—maybe from the fact that I had never seen it before. My enthusiasm would certainly have been diminished, and the joy and exuberance I felt greatly reduced, had I been forced to employ anything other than a palette upon which to mix my colors.

The securing of colors and brushes was not so simple a matter—they had to be bought. I was one of a large family,

and my father, a minister in the African Methodist Episcopal Church, was in the throes of buying a home. However, a long conversation with my mother that night produced fifteen cents, and this, early the next morning, secured from a common paint shop some dry colors and a couple of scraggy bushes. Then I was out immediately for a sketch. I went straight-to the spot when I had seen the artist of the day before. Don't you suppose a boy, trying to hold a canvas between his knees and mix dry colors upon a pasteboard palette, might be liable to get things mixed? Well, I did. Whether I got the most of the paint upon the canvas, upon myself, or upon the ground, it would be hard to tell. But that I was happy, supremely so, there was no doubt. Coming home that night, I examined that sketch from all points of view, upside down, and down side up, decidedly admiring and well content with my first effort. There was one little disconcerting fact, however—it seemed best upside down!

From this time forward, I was all aglow with enthusiasm, working spare times between school hours, and it soon became the talk of the school—naturally helped on by my boasting—that I was going to be an artist. The taunt of some—"An artist! He is always poor and dies in a garret!"—had no depressing effect upon me. I was not going to be that kind of an artist—not one of your "every day kind"; and off I was to my kingdom in the clouds.

After school, I would often go down on Chestnut Street, to see the pictures in Earle's Galleries, or in the window of

Bailey's jewelry store. How well I remember "A Foggy Morning," by Cowell—in whose studio I afterward worked; or "A Morning at Long Beach," by Senat; how much better the numerous "Storm at Sea," by Hamilton, and the still more numerous "Breezy Day Off Dieppe," by Briscoe; how, after drinking my full of these art wonders, I would hurry home and paint what I had seen, and what fun it was!

It may be noted that all these, my idols, were marine painters. This was not a matter of chance; it was choice—caused by the fact that at this time (I was now thirteen years old) I had decided to become America's great marine painter. This decision had been prompted by an article I had seen in some art journal to the effect that the crying need of America was a great marine painter. I had never heard of Winslow Homer, but, even if I had, I am sure it would not have at all affected my determination. Afterward I met a young animal painter, J. N. Hess (now dead), and learned from him that animal painters were even less numerous than good marine painters, and that we were even less well represented in this field—so, in order that America should not always be in such a deplorable plight, I renounced the inviting field of marine painting to become an American Landseer.

During one of my school vacations, I had worked and saved fifty dollars. This was to be devoted to study. But with whom should I study? No man or boy to whom his country is a land of "equal chances" can realize what heartaches this

question caused me, and with what trepidation and nervousness I made the round of the studios. The question was not, would the desired teacher have a boy who knew nothing and hid little money, but would he have *me*, or would he keep me after he found out who I was? I went to Mr. M——. He "had other pupils!" Finally, Mr. I. L. Williams agreed to take me for two dollars a lesson. I was so excited that I could hardly wait for the appointed day to arrive. What a wonderland his studio was to me! I was dazzled; dazed by the thought that I was at last to be the pupil of an artist; what astonishing progress I should make! How I should strive, in a few lessons, to overtake his one other pupil! I dreamed of it by night, and my day-dreams were not less vivid.

The day or two of waiting did pass, and I was on hand long before the appointed hour. I seemed that nine o'clock would never come, and I spent the time walking up and down Chestnut Street. At last, trembling with suppressed excitement, I entered his studio, and met this most kindly old artist. His first question was, could I draw a straight line? I was like the man who was asked if he could play the violin. "He did not know, but, if he could be given one, he would try and see." I tried and saw. For three hours, I drew, or tried to draw, simple straight lines, parallel horizontal lines, and parallel perpendicular lines. At the end of the time, dizzy and dejected, I paid my two dollars, and left completely disheartened—all my dreams of the morning smashed to smithereens. So this was art! So different from what I

had imagined! But was it really art? Could it be? And, if so, could I ever become an artist? The chances seemed great reduced.

So I plodded along as best I could without instruction, and I must have made some little progress; for, the next school vacation, while at Atlantic City, a sketch of a wrecked schooner driven ashore during a great storm, seemed to have enough in it to attract the attention of Mr. X—, an amateur artist, spending the summer at this place. I found that he was a man of most generous impulses, as well as most erratic in his likes and dislikes, and it was very probably the last-named quality that was the cause of my good fortune. He was like a farther to me, only, however, requiring the complete renunciation of all ideas not in accord with his own.

Upon his return to Philadelphia, he received me into his home, where I lived and worked with him for over a year. It was, however, a most restrained life, as his every whim about art had to be most religiously followed. He was opposed to all academic study, and, whenever I expressed a wish to go to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, he always opposed. I have much to thank him for, though our acquaintance came to a rather sudden ending.

Dr. W— visited the studio. In his natural, straightforward manner, this eminent physician showed in a marked degree his interest in what I was doing, without having, however, previously complimented the work of Mr. X—. I felt most uncomfortable during this visit,

as I saw at once that my benefactor was not pleased, and that it would mean several days of morose silence in which all my efforts to restore the status quo would be utterly fruitless. For some reason, I went home that evening, and upon my return the next morning I found all my belongings, with my little canvases tied together, outside his locked studio door. I made several fruitless efforts to see him and find out in what I had sinned, but without avail. I only saw him once again, several years afterward.

In the regular course of events I left school. When my good father, realizing how uncertain was the question of any special talent for art in me, and how uncertain the life of an artist might be, even if I had talent—which certainly was not yet demonstrated—put me with a friend to learn the flour business. But belief in myself did not fail, nor my ardor flag. To do any painting now, I had to be up with the dawn to seize the precious minutes of light before seven, when I had to be off to the humbler, though more useful, avocation of selling flour.

This work proved too trying for me, and a severe illness, from which I did not completely recover for many years, decided my family to allow me to be an artist—if I could.

Now that events had, as it were, decided that I should have a try at being an artist, my father and mother gave me all the encouragement their then limited means would allow. By encouragement I mean not only moral support, but a home; so that, for the next fifteen years,

I was continuously aided by them to the limit of their ability.

Each time on leaving home, they always said: "Remember, if the worst comes to the worse, you always have a home." I "remembered" as little as possible, but the latchstring was always on the outside.

I was now a lad of eighteen, and my art career was at last really launched. But I was beset by two pressing needs—the need of money and, by far the most serious, the need of health. It was easy enough to be advised to go to the Adirondacks, but how? That some change was desirable, and even necessary, cannot be doubted, so much so that, when my dear mother, who was used to my more or less delicate health, finally saw me off on my journey, she never expected, as she afterward told me, to see me return alive. But I did get there and returned alive, and I must always believe that it was the good God who opened the way and gave me good friends, thus filling me with confidence in the future which never deserted me in those darkest days.

Those lovely friends of Rainbow Lake—how I have wished I might be able to repay them for some of their kindnesses. Upon my return to Philadelphia, not a little benefited by this trip and one to Florida, I had the good fortune to make the intimate acquaintance of Mr. C. H. Shearer, an artist prominent in Philadelphia at that time, whose stories of life in Dusseldorf and Munich fired my desire for Europe. But, besides all this, I can never too highly appreciate his personal service to me, and how his kindly nature and gentle disposition helped to reduce

the bitterness I (at times) had in my life, and gave me a more hopeful view of my own individual situation; in fact, a visit to him always renewed my courage, not that courage which was necessary for my work, but the courage that was necessary to overcome some of the unkind things I had to struggle with. He would remove, at least for a time, that repressing load which I carried, a load which was as trying to me as that carried by poor Pilgrim. I was extremely timid, and to be made to feel that I was not wanted, although in a place where I had every right to be, even months afterward caused me sometimes weeks of pain. Every time any one of these disagreeable incidents came into my mind, my heart sank, and I was anew tortured by the thought of what I had endured, almost as much as by the incident itself. Well, it was to endure these things that he helped me. It was he who first gave me the idea that I might have qualities that, cultivated, would be of great help in the battle of life. And it was done in a manner hardly to be calculated upon. It was by believing in me, and how necessary it is to have some one (besides one's family) to believe in you. I shall ever remember when he said to me, "You have nice manners and a quality that will make people like you." Well, I thought, can that be possible? It was a completely new idea. It was the first time I had ever had a compliment from the outside world, and the effect was like magic. How many things I forgot and forgave to try to make those sweet words true! It really sweetened my life. How it made me determined to cultivate all the more

desirable qualities I might possess! This was indeed 'no small benefit conferred upon me.'

About this time, Mr. Thomas Eakins, under whom I was studying at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, gave me a criticism which aided me then, and ever since; and, as it may apply to all walks of life, I will "pass it along." I had made a start on a study, which was not altogether bad, but very probably the best thing I had ever done. He encouraged me; but, instead of working to make it better, I became afraid I should destroy what I had done, and really did nothing the rest of the week. Well, he was disgusted. "What have you been doing? Get it, get it better, or get it worse. No middle ground of compromise." With this advice in mind, I did all sorts of things. I purchased a goose, and from it made a picture. In fact, I became the owner of a sheep also, and made a sheep picture. To own a goose is bad enough, but do you know what it means to possess and try to educate in artistic habits a lone solitary sheep? Well, I will tell you something you never dreamed of, unless you have had my experience. While a flock of sheep is the personification of peace, docility, and all that is quietude, from my (unscientific) study I have come to the conclusion that *one* sheep has none of the qualities of a flock of sheep, no, not one, except, it may be, their stupidity. One sheep is not "sheepish"; no, he is the most stubborn, balky, runaway, befuddled animal you can imagine. I have had other animals to serve as models, but never an animal that fur-

nished so many alarms by day and night as that "peaceful" sheep. He was escaping from his stable (stable, by courtesy), breaking his tether, trespassing in neighbors' gardens, and eating down the very things they prized the most; or he was the very contradiction of all activity, refusing to be led to pasture, and causing a giggling crowd to collect as if by magic. To the question of those on the outside who could not see what was going on, it was: "Oh! it's Henry Tanner's sheep."

In spite of the difficulties, I got a sheep picture, and finally traded it for a pair of antlers, worth ten dollars. I was happy to trade it for anything. It seemed to me that everything but pictures had a certain market value. I was sure I could sell the antlers for five dollars at least; I doubted very much whether I could sell the picture. It may be that I should have refused to sell the picture for that sum; but, after having traded it, I should have been glad to sell the object which I had acquired by trade for five dollars. I had been saved, at any rate, the depressed feeling of selling a picture for 10 per cent. of what it had actually cost me.

However, I did manage to sell a picture occasionally, but, whenever I did, I always felt rather like a criminal. I must have cheated; for, if they had seen that picture as I did, with all its faults continually staring at me, they certainly would not have bought it. Nevertheless, I kept on trying to sell them, but, I must confess, with little success. Among other things, I was sending black and white drawings every month or so to New York publishers. As fast as they would be returned with thanks by one, they were off

to another. Very few stayed, but I remember the first one that did, and the check for forty dollars that came with the letter of acceptance made me wonder how they could pay such "big prices." When, soon afterward, I sold a painting, "A Lion at Home," from the exhibition of the Academy of Design for eighty dollars, I began to look up, and was encouraged to commence a most ambitious canvas of "Androcles." I spent all my money on models, and did not finish the picture; it was beyond me; but I learned some things by my failures.

I have had brilliant ideas in my life. One of them was to unite business and art. The thing to do was to have an occupation that would furnish a small income—a business that would not take all my time. So it was that I established a very modest photograph gallery at Atlanta, Ga. The calculation that I should have some time was well made; the calculation that I should take some photos, a mistake. I had so much more leisure than I had calculated upon, and this so distressed me, that I could not work. So it turned out that I did nothing. I could neither make it go, nor dare let it go—because with "blood and tears" I got enough out of it to pay my board each week.

It was at this most distressing period that it was my good fortune to meet Bishop and Mrs. Hartzell, and for the next few years they became my patron saints.

The "gallery" was sold. I was back to life. What had, perhaps, helped to

make the situation more tantalizing was the fact that a picture of mine had been sold in Philadelphia at an auction sale for two hundred and fifty dollars; true, I had received but fifteen, but the incident had given me hope, and made me more than ever dissatisfied with the four or five dollars a week I was making in that miserable gallery.

But that was passed, and I could now breathe freely. It did not mean that hard times were passed; for, perhaps my most trying experience—trying in relation to my physical existence—was yet to come. It was, however, only bodily discomfort, and caused me little or no sighing. I had gone to Highlands, N. C., with the thought that with my camera I could at least make my expenses. I should be able to study, and at the same time the mountains would be good for my health. As all my ventures had to be made with a small margin, after paying the rent of a small cabin (fragrant from the new pine logs used in its construction), I had not more than a dollar left. I found it most difficult to make a start, to get an entering wedge, and, during this time, a week or ten days, I was reduced to corn meal made in as many ways as I was ingenious enough to prepare it, with salt and water. My bill of fare read somewhat like this:

Morning—Corn bread and apple sauce (without sugar).

Noon—Apple sauce and corn bread.

Night—Corn mush and apple sauce.

I might change the order as I liked, or fry the mush if I wished, but at least I never had to be in a quandary as to what I should have for the next meal. It was to be corn meal until I got some work.

There was one oasis in this "corn meal desert," when I was invited to dinner by my afterward dear friends, the Cliffords. They, no doubt, thought the mountain air had had a marvelous effect on my appetite, and did not, and do not to this day, I imagine, suspect hat it was not only the mountains but the "benefits" of my "corn meal regime" that had so much added to my "appreciation." I at last secured an order to photograph a small cottage, and in twenty-four hours I had the money in my "inside pocket."

I made photos of the whole immediate region, a most lovely country, and, as no photographer had ever visited it before, they were a success, and my hard times—very hard times—vanished as the mountain mists before the sun. In the fall I was back in Atlanta, and for two seasons taught drawing, mostly to the teachers in Clark University. Among my very first commissions was a portrait of Professor Crogman. As I look backward now, I am sure he gave it to me to "help." I have never seen it since finishing, but I fear that, when I do, I shall want to replace it with one of to-day. This running across old pictures is a very trying thing. It runs both ways—you are either ashamed you did not do better, or sur-

prised and ashamed that you do not now do better—both ways it is painful.

With some little money—a very little—laid by, I began again to think of Europe. I imparted this desire to Mrs. Hartzell, and it was arranged that I should have an exhibition of my pictures in Cincinnati, and see what could be done. So it was that, in the fall of 1890, all my hopes were centred in an exhibition which lasted two or three weeks. All that human effort could do was done by these good friends, but the gods refused to be propitious, and no pictures were sold. I would have taken twenty-five dollars for the pictures. The only part that seemed to have any value were the frames for which I had paid money.

That I should not be completely disheartened, my benefactors gave me a sum of money for my "entire collection," the amount of which I have forgotten. With this sum and a commision of \$75 from Mr. E—, of Philadelphia, I set sail for Rome, via Liverpool and Paris, on the City of Chester, January 4, 1891.

(Next month Mr. Tanner will give the steps in his career which have given him his present position among artists.)



Oxford: By a Negro Student

By ALAIN LE ROY LOCKE

Alain Leroy Locke, of Philadelphia, Pa., has just now completed his second year at Oxford University, England. He is the first Negro to win a Cecil Rhodes scholarship. He won the honor in competitive examination over seven contestants, while he was a senior at Harvard, where he was one of the first scholars of his class. His father, Phinney Locke, was a well-known lawyer, and his mother is now a public school teacher. One thing distinguishes Mr. Locke's literary efforts—he writes as a student and not as a Negro student. The following splendid article was written for the *Independent* in his first term at Oxford.—EDITOR.

I T CANNOT be too strongly emphasized at the very outset that what follows are but sketchy impressions of Oxford and Oxford life, based upon only a term's residence and observation; a period just long enough, it may be said in apology, for one to have corrected one's preconceptions, on the one hand, and yet not have contracted any bias or prejudices on the other. Oxford to most Americans, to tourists in general, the Oxford of the summer vacation is little more than a heap of legends and a pile of stones; they go very well together—legends and stones—and deceive only those whom they puzzle. But the real Oxford, the living society of term time, is puzzling only on the closest scrutiny, and in proportion as one is undeceived; for it is, indeed, the most baffling of paradoxes. All appearances to the contrary, Oxford life is not medieval, but most modern; while it is Oxford thought, Oxford ideas of education that both seem to be and ought to be modern, which are, to my way of thinking at least, most medieval. These two significant

facts, with the several significant contrasts they make between Oxford and American universities, are all that this article can attempt to sketch, and that only in barest outline.

Certainly the most fundamental, though not the most evident, difference, a contrast hard to appreciate from an American viewpoint, doubtless, is the simple fact that this great English university is a society of scholars, a scholar-craft for the perpetuation rather than for the extension of learning, for the maintenance of its dignity as a class profession more than for its dissemination either as an institutional or popular heritage. Wherefore it follows—as the night the day perhaps, yet quite as inevitably—that the typical Oxonian is neither a philosopher nor an educationalist in ours or the German sense of the terms. For the typical Oxonian's philosophy is a philosophy of manners, ethics of the Aristotelian sort rather than a system of thought or even a systematization of knowledge; and his pedagogy is based upon the principle of the craft-guild, the principle that whoever has served his apprenticeship is a journeyman and fit to teach apprentices,

and whoever has matured as a journeyman is, in turn, master over journeymen and a guardian of the profession. This is why the ability to parse Greek sentences is thought to imply the ability to teach the parsing of Greek sentences. And why also a master's degree is conferred for four years further enrolment upon the university books after graduation, a sufficient time, in all reason, for the discipline of the undergraduate *regime* to have ripened into character, or, as some one has facetiously put it, just time enough for a man to have recovered the mastery of himself.

Both the inherent excellence and defect of Oxford as an educational system seems to center here. Because his philosophy is a philosophy of manners, and the discipline of study goes hand in hand with the discipline of living, the typical Oxonian is inevitably a man of culture—a man whose learning bears some vital relation to his life. Because his theory and practice of education is the theory and practice of a craft, the typical Oxonian's learning is his own private property by which he makes his living or maintains his social standing, and which he finally bequeaths to his sons. That is to say, he is neither by temperament nor by force of social obligation a teacher. The Oxford professor is very like the professional type the world over, but the Oxford "don" or tutor, as compared with an American type that boasts himself, Prometheus-like, "a maker of men," is very like a prudent gardener who relies a prayerful lot on the sun, and the wind, and the rain—on his system and the natural laws of growth. Not that he isn't

painstaking and watchful, but he would as soon think of inoculating a set of young men with a dangerous or contagious idea as a gardener of pouring worms in his garden; as soon think of reversing the natural, logical, traditional order of exposition or of altering the perspective to inspire interest and enthusiasm, as a gardener of planting a bulb upside down. And, again, an Oxford man who goes out to teach would hardly go out with the idea of making little Oxfords over England, but of selecting and making little Oxonians, orienting them toward the great Mecca of their fathers. Education at Oxford, in brief, influences and influences for life every one who becomes a part of its corporate life. This is its excellence. But the same system gives Oxford a sort of religious dominance over the province of knowledge that certainly makes the right to teach, and too often the right to be taught a matter of apostolic succession, and excommunicates all education that does not subordinate itself as directly preparatory to that system. This is its defect; both excellence and defect are medieval.

These statements will seem unkind and adverse to those who think it a reproach to be called medieval—but by such Oxford never can be understood or appreciated. It is more serious that they will seem unjust and untrue to many who are familiar with the slow but persistent progress of university reform at Oxford. Is not Oxford, such men will say, the source of the movement for the extension of university teaching? She has established, and maintains in flourishing condition, an elaborate system of research

degrees. It is a matter of commonplace that the honor school of history is becoming so popular as almost to dispute the traditional ascendancy of the school of the humanities. Then there is the new movement in the study of sociology, the diploma system, the recently proposed engineering department, and the promising Curzon fund for the express furtherance of university aims and development.

But notwithstanding all this, the contention is that Oxford is still medieval; not, indeed, because the Oxford system is antiquated, but because the typical Oxonian's ideas of the purpose and privileges and ideals of education are. University reforms seem like the yielding of the outer walls, while deep within the old *regime* flourishes with greater intensity because of its restrictions—indeed, with the religious intensity and fervor of a beleaguered city of the elect. And the greatest misfortune is that what was once a society is fast becoming a sect. There are circles in Oxford still where, if Truth is an open book, it is like those books of childhood memory, too heavy for youthful knees, and opened only on the maternal lap. In those same circles, an instructor is an intermediator rather than a guide; and a library a precious granary stored against intellectual famine, and not a mint and exchange for the currency of modern thought; and there, too, scholastic distinction means social privileges more than simply certified skill or attainment.

The usual, trite criticisms of Oxford are as unfair as they are unreasonable. Oxford is above all else consistent, and one must either take issue with the sys-

tem or with nothing at all. It is foolish, for instance, to charge Oxford with pedantry, granting their contention that the best thought is impersonal, and that a first-class mind is like a first-water diamond, colorless and transparent. Again, from a certain point of view, dignity is superciliousness; and craft-secrets, charlatanism; and an aristocracy of learning, which Oxford is indeed, must needs seem wrong side out if viewed from the outside. This is what is meant by saying that Oxford is medieval, and that it must some day face, not reforms, but reform; that is to say, be challenged as a system. And that day, to the lasting and reasonable regret of many Oxonians, Oxford will probably choose to become modern.

But once this ancient tradition, that every one admits to be one of the most effective and desirable of educative influences, is driven out of scholarship, where it will it take refuge? It is to be hoped in University customs and social life, where it is supposed even now to be rooted, but is so only nominally. Oxford social life is a remarkably well-seasoned and well-working system, rather paternal, it is true, but one where every university function, every university custom is both the occasion and the cause of some little bit of wholesome social life. Even when the difficulties of American contrasts are met and the social antipodes meet, the system by no means breaks down; and under the usual English conditions of more or less approximation to one scale or standard of living among college men, it is or should be the great paradigm to

American universities. For one of the greatest of our university problems, I take it, is to make the social life of students the corporate life of the university, and so to equalize its contrasts and fraternize its so-called fraternities as to make it worthy of a single name. Inter-collegiate sports in which the public cannot take sufficient interest to seriously intrude itself upon undergraduate life are another thing that should be our present envy and despair. Some would claim that our American college debate brings students enough into contact with non-academic life and problems to anticipate all charges of intellectual provincialism. But the English equivalent, a sort of mock parliament, has the additional advantage of being the direct preparation for civic usefulness our debate is supposed to be. Our average college debating is as good a training for open—that is to say public-mindedness as football is for healthy, normal living.

But to call Oxford social life effective does not gainsay our contention that it is not what it is supposed to be, a noteworthy survival of medievalism. It is of all things most modern. There are the old customs, the old forms, it is true. The very same that seem so "medieval and quaint" to the tourist, are so formally observed as to have little or no meaning. The living conventions of Oxford social life are the fashions and customs of the English "public" or preparatory schools. It is rather disillusioning, for instance, to hear in connection with the gown-wearing custom that every night scores of undergraduates

run the risk of losing five shillings rather than be bothered by them, and that the university administration thinks the temptation so natural as to count upon its being profitable—and finding it so. Money fines and dispensations, which are quite the rule at Oxford, have marked the disintegration of medieval codes of discipline before this. And when medievalism has been driven out of scholarship it will have ample work to do, filling with the true spirit of reverence and tradition the observance of what are now largely formal conventions of student life and custom. This superiority Oxford will always have over most American universities, however, that it is a place of select retirement, so necessary—since a place of preparation is necessarily a place apart—the one thing that may ultimately keep the urban American university from being the home of scholarship, of beauty and repose.

Though much of the beauty of Oxford is latent in its mouldering stones and the conventional observance of its own traditions, there is one beauty of tradition that is its chief charm—of great antiquity and slow growth, and, therefore, as yet almost below the horizon for our more westerly prospects. It is the beauty of impersonal service that only the oldest and most sanctified of institutions can command. There is in the teaching and the living of Oxford a self-effacement that almost seems to be self-sacrifice until one reflects how human and dignified and well-proportioned it is withal in its very humility. It consecrates even the most aristocratic of all aims, self-culture, and

makes one wish democracy did not need to be so blatant, so self-assertive—but it does need to be.

But what is the point of all this contrast, all this that one calls the paradox of Oxford? The simple fact that Oxford is a place worthy of the respect of all, the thinking consideration of many, the pilgrimage of some. Further, that Oxford and American universities are so different that, in the main, the faults of the one are the virtues of the other, and vice versa. There is a class of men, the American Rhodes scholars, whom these contrasts vitally concern, and in conclusion a word concerning them.

It has often been remarked that the credit given for three or four years, as the case may be, in American universities is very slight, and to those who know that socially and in all college as distinguished from university matters the Rhodes man becomes a "fresher comoner," even this credit seems merely nominal. But what else can it be if Oxford is such a craft-guild of learning? The very essence of its discipline is that the journeyman should have been an apprentice, and the master, a journeyman, and that the generations of the craft should have grown up beside each other. In such a system there is no anticipating the first or any intermediate stage. And then again does it follow that, because the defects of the American system are the virtues of the English, the finished Rhodes man is the well-rounded man public opinion expects him to be, the perfect circle logic makes him out? By no means. If he has served his time and purpose well, he will be, I take it, a man

whose sympathies are wider than his prejudices, whose knowledge is larger than his beliefs, his work and his hopes greater than he himself. He will be an ideal type—a rare type, indeed—a patriotic cosmopolitan. The representativeness of a Rhodes man is often spoken of in diplomatic terms—and it is in a sense a diplomatic mission with this difference be it added for prospective Rhodes men: Whereas the cash value of the diplomat is earned in his own country, and his credit-value good currency abroad, the Rhodes man will find that his paper value presented to him in his commission, so to speak, is at home, and his title to it, indeed his title to any exceptional consideration whatsoever must be earned at Oxford.

There is one more contrast, one which it is my privilege to have observed as a personal experience, that is mentioned with greater deference to a sense of duty than to its own private claims. To one who has lived upon the cleavage-plane of so great a class distinction as that of races in America, distinctions are marvelously subtle things, they are so broad as sometimes to seem ridiculously unreal, self-contradictory, yet they manage to evade the keen edge of logic which splits a hair instead. And real as they are, they are too often due to defective eyesight all round. In a land of class distinctions, distinctions which have taxed my blunt democratic vision, I have found no race distinctions, and better still in cultured circles no race curiosity. While in America, where they boast of having no class distinctions, there are both race distinctions, and a certain strange race-curios-

ity which most optimistically interpreted is a forerunner of race-sympathies and understandings. What is there left to say but to repeat what has been said before—the faults of one system are often the virtues of another, and vice versa? There is something more, however. I shall not speak of individual preferences—they mean little, for wherever a man consents to live there, I take it, he is satisfied or ought to be—or else values some other things he possesses actually or in prospect above his self-satisfaction. But racially, I prefer disfavor and that most proverbial and effective of disciplines, persecution even, to indifference. One cannot be neutral toward a class or social body without the gravest danger of losing one's own humanity in denying to some one else the most human of all

rights, the right to be considered either a friend or an enemy, either as helpful or harmful. So for the good of every one concerned, I infinitely prefer race prejudice to race indifference. Further than this, I believe that we, with our ten million odd problems, each solving his own and then, if need be, helping solve his neighbors', will have completed our gigantic task before the sixty million combined will have come to terms with that one stubborn, irreducible fraction they call "the race-problem." And then, in shame and annoyance, they will wash the scribbled slate clean, and begin all over again—it is to be hoped, on the next problem. It is a far cry from this to Oxford, but not as far as from Oxford to this.

Hertford College, Oxford.

NOT BY BREAD ALONE

(Silas X. Floyd, in the Independent.)

Alas, in these times, 'tis true in all
climes, in spite of the lark that
sings,
Man goeth apace in a mad wild race,
and lays down his life for Things!
If we search far and wide, on every
side, the end kept in view is the
same;
Man counts for naught where the bat-
tles are fought, and Things is
the end of the game.

For butter and bread, with hurrying
tread, man goeth forth to the
fray;
And when more and more his larder
runs o'er, he thinks he has won
the day.
Men hold that their strength through-
out the world's length is houses
and money and lands.
And so for their souls, from equator
to poles, they lift not the weight
of their hands.

Thou Giver of All, who markest the
fall of the sparrows that down-
ward come,
Who seest our way by night and by
day, of truth and of goodness the
sum
Grant we may learn man's greed to
spurn and know thine age-old
plan
That Things is not the end of man's
lot, but the end of Things is
man.

Grant we may know, as onward we
go, and the sun flies fast from
the South,
That we should be spurred by every
word which proceedeth out of
Thy mouth.
Not alone for the sake of bread and
of cake, grant that Thy chil-
dren may strive;
But, oh! to the song of the lark all
day long, may our souls be
keenly alive!

The Southern City Negro

REV. W. N. DE BERRY, the widely-known and scholarly Negro Congregational preacher, of Springfield, Mass., has been delivering a series of addresses on the Negroes of the South in his home city. These lectures were based on a recent trip through the Southland. His second and perhaps most interesting lecture was "The Southern City Negro as Observed in Richmond and Nashville." His discourse, in part, was as follows:

"While the condition of the city Negro in the South has many deplorable features, it is, in the main, more desirable than that of the masses in the rural districts. The cities of Richmond and Nashville, which were visited during my recent trip to the South, are typical southern cities, and to each of them, as to the rural districts considered a week ago, I had devoted previous study. According to the last census, the Negro population of Richmond was 32,320, while that of Nashville was 30,044. In each city the Negro population was more than one-third of the entire population.

"It is in such cities as Richmond and Nashville that one sees the high-water mark of Negro progress. It is in such cities that the Negro finds his largest industrial freedom and his widest industrial sphere. It is here that he

supplies the great bulk of common labor of all forms and not a small proportion of skilled labor in the trades as well. But from this it should not be supposed, as it is sometimes claimed, that he enjoys industrial equality with the white man. This is by no means true. For while frequently they work together, there is usually a marked disparity between the wages received by Negro and white workmen of equal efficiency and skill. But in spite of this and other attendant handicaps, the city Negro has made remarkable material progress, and, on the average, has more to show for his industrial stewardship than his rural brother.

"The homes of the Negroes of these cities were to me a most interesting object of investigation. They embrace every sort of housing condition from that of the alley hovel to that of the palatial brick structure of a dozen rooms in a residential section of the city. The great curse of the Negro's life in the city is not the city's temptations nor the fact that in the city he is so often overshadowed by its high civilization; it is, rather, the squalid alley hovel in which, to so large an extent, he is housed. These hovels are the chief breeders of those awful ills both physical and moral which are so destructive of the life and welfare of these people. On the other hand, I found both in Richmond and Nashville numerous Negro families residing in

attractive homes of their own, and I was especially impressed with the rapidity with which Nashville Negroes are securing neat homes in desirable portions of the city. There is in these cities a pronounced tendency on the part of Negroes to desert the loathsome alleyways where they are congested in such numbers for the less developed, outlying districts.

A most characteristic mark of the race's progress since its emancipation has been the rise of its professional class. It is in the city that this class has found its largest and most fruitful opportunity. In every city where the race is found in any numbers, the professional Negro occupies a position of commanding influence and power. Two causes especially have contributed to this result. The one has been the social segregation of the races, and the other a growing race consciousness among Negroes which has been stimulated by the very conditions that create the Negro problem. To the same causes also must be largely attributed the Negro's advent in business and commerce. While it is true that in these fields he is as yet a novice, he has nevertheless made an auspicious and prophetic beginning. In Richmond and Nashville the Negro's professional and business capacity is to be seen in the prosperity of a large and increasing professional class and in the successful conduct of two large denominational publishing houses, five saving banks, three life insurance companies, three hospitals, two well-equipped hotels, four weekly journals

and numerous other less pretentious business and commercial enterprises.

"The public school system of these cities represent the best as yet provided by the South for the education of its Negro children. The schools, which are taught by thoroughly trained Negro teachers, are well equipped and of equal length with the white schools. The Pearl High School of Nashville is reputed throughout the State for the high excellence of its work.

"One of the most interesting sights witnessed during my stay in Nashville was an assembly of 6,000 Negroes at the commencement exercises of this school. In Richmond and in Nashville the observer is soon impressed with the degradation of the vicious and criminal element of the race, whose presence is an obvious eyesore on the streets of every southern city. Until the recent prohibition law of Tennessee became operative, this element in Nashville found its daily rendezvous in the Negro saloons and the jim-crow annexes of white saloons. For in Nashville many white saloons had jim-crow annexes with Negro bartenders for the accommodation of their Negro patrons. Every Negro inmate of the Davidson county jail in Nashville with whom I talked was a representative of this class.

"The wonder on the part of the law-abiding Negroes is not why this criminal class is continually made the object of the white man's vengeful violence, but why the whole race is so often made to bear the odium and penalty of the crimes of its worst mem-

bers. Between the best and worst elements in Negro society in these cities there is as wide a social gulf as exists between the best and worst Anglo-Saxon people. But the white man almost never considers this fact in estimating the social merits of the Negro race. The professional class constitutes the top of the Negro social scale and the criminal class its bottom; but between these two minority extremes there is to be found the great majority rank and file, which embraces every degree and kind of moral worthiness to be found among the rank and file of any other people.

"The feeling between the two races is acute to-day as ever. I am no longer of the opinion that the criminal Negro is the chief source of trouble. The progress itself of the progressive Negro is also a real cause of racial animosities. While there is on the part of the white South a determined purpose to subdue and punish the criminal element, both with and without law, there is just as truly a determined purpose to humiliate and repress the worthy Negro as a means of stifling his manly aspirations. For such aspirations, it is claimed, are the outcroppings of a desire for social equality."

Harriet Tubman, the Black Heroine of Slavery



DOES Harriet Tubman, the black heroine of the Civil War, still live? Few know, fewer still seem to care. But aged into spells of recurring feebleness, bent and worn, the mere shadow of her former self, the Negro woman still lives who gave a rallying cry to the friends of freedom the world over as she asked Frederick Douglass "Frederick, is God dead?" Her last effort in behalf of her race without a doubt will be to establish a needed institution in New York State for Negro youth, and the Negroes of America are to be asked to contribute money to found a memorial to Harriet Tubman Davis, the former slave, who was one of the founders of the "un-

derground railroad," was a nurse and a scout in the Union army, and was the friend of many statesmen. The aged heroine, now more than 90, lives on the farm in Auburn, N. Y., which she purchased from Secretary of State Seward, and on which she established six years ago a refuge home for aged colored people. As a memorial to her it is proposed to expand this home into an industrial school of the type of Tuskegee and Hampton.

It is said that Harriet was the only woman who served unattached through the whole war as scout, spy and army nurse. She took her life in her hands many times, and for her services obtained a pension from congress a number of years ago. She is proud of the fact that she wore trousers for a time

and carried a musket, canteen and haversack.

When in 1863 it was decided to use Negro troops, Harriet pleaded to be appointed an army nurse. When the famous Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers marched away from their camp at Readville, under command of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, Harriet left for the South with a commission in her pocket from Governor Andrew. Down at Port Royal she cooked for General Shaw and dined with him, too, on occasions when she had information to impart.

At the battle of Fort Wagner, where the "niggers from Boston" made their famous charge and Colonel Shaw lost his life, and here Harriet helped to bury the dead and worked night and day among the wounded.

Harriet lived for a time at the home of Emerson in Concord and spent some time visiting the family of William Lloyd Garrison, the Alcotts, the Whineys, Mrs. Horace Mann and Phillips Brooks. A letter written by Wendell Phillips to a woman in Auburn, N. Y., on June 16, 1868, says regarding Harriet Tubman:

"The last time I ever saw John Brown was under my own roof, when he brought Harriet Tubman to me, saying: 'Mr. Phillips, I bring to you one of the best and bravest persons on the continent—Gen. Tubman we call her.' Concluding, Mr. Phillips said: 'In my opinion, there are few captains, perhaps few colonels, who have done more for the loyal cause since the war began, and few men who



HARRIET TUBMAN IN 1863

did before that time more for the colored race than our fearless and sagacious friend, Harriet."

She was the friend of Garrison, Phillips, John Brown, Gerrit Smith, Seward, Lincoln, Frederick Douglas and many other famous men of Civil War days. Her best title to a place in history lies in the wonderful manner which for nearly ten years she conducted the underground railway which she personally piloted over 300 runaway slaves to freedom in Canada and elsewhere, making no fewer than nineteen trips down South in spite of the fact that in every post office and railroad car placards announced rewards for her capture.

The legislature of Maryland offered a reward of \$2,000 for her arrest, and a company of slave owners in desperation over her mysterious raids upon their plantations and the subsequent disappearance of their slaves, had offered the sum of \$40,000 additional. Yet nobody ever claimed the rewards, although professional detectives spent thousands trying for the prize, and Harriet Tubman continued to make her trips "down into Egypt" until the Civil War.

Harriet Tubman's age is not known. To the representative who questioned her concerning it, she said:

"Deed I don't know, sir, I'm some'eres about 90 or 95. I don't know when I wuz bo'n, but I'm pretty near 95."

She was born of slave parents, Benjamin Ross and Harriet Green, in Dorchester County, Maryland, near the village of Cambridge. When six years old she was apprenticed to a weaver, but she was turned out to work in the fields. When she was 12 an angry overseer one day threw a metal weight at a slave, missing him but hitting the child, then called Araminta, and fracturing her skull. She recovered, but was subject to periodic fits of insensibility for years, and it was not until after the war that she obtained relief at the Massachusetts General Hospital. She went to this institution and demanded an operation without ether, and it was successfully performed.

Little is known certainly of her early life. Harriet Beecher Stowe agreed to write Harriet Tubman's history, but

the work of obtaining facts proved so difficult that failing health caused her to abandon the work.

It is known that as a girl Harriet, unfitted by her injury for domestic labor, was sent out to work in the fields, doing such tasks as driving oxen, carting, plowing and cultivating. Her physical strength became so great that her value in the slave market became \$150, the current price of a male slave of the same age.

When she grew to womanhood she was allowed to marry a free Negro, John Tubman. Her master dying, she was placed in charge of a Dr. Thompson, who acted as guardian for her owner, a minor. In 1849, five years after her marriage, Harriet's young owner died, and in the coming settlement of the estate things did not look very bright to her. As she was quite equal to a man as a worker, she feared purchase by a master down South, and a few days before the date set for selling the slaves Harriet Tubman resolved to run away.

She had heard that if one followed the north star it would lead to freedom, and one night Harriet stole away. She was soon in the State of Delaware, and, hiding by day and going north by night, she reached Wilmington, whence she was aided to Philadelphia, where the Quakers befriended her.

In 1850, confident that freedom was easy of accomplishment, she communicated with her relatives near her former home, and in December visited Baltimore, where she secretly met her sister

and two children, who were fugitives, and she brought them to Philadelphia. Her success caused her to determine to get her husband to come north, and the next year she returned home in disguise, seeking John Tubman. She found him wedded to another and quite oblivious of her existence, and at this point they parted forever.

The fugitive slave law enforcement made her work more difficult each year. Driven from Pennsylvania and New Jersey, she went to New York. The Dred Scott decision, in 1857, forced her to establish her last station in the underground in Canada. At this time Auburn came into prominence as one of the underground station, and William H. Seward, later Lincoln's Secretary of State, was one of Harriet's best supporters, giving liberally from his private funds to pay car fare for fugitives from Auburn to Suspension Bridge, from whence they got into Canada.

Harriet had many narrow escapes from capture while on her raids. Many times she sat huddled in Southern railway cars reserved to Negroes while posted over

her head were placards offering large rewards for her capture.

On one occasion when she went back to her home town she saw a former overseer who knew her well coming down the street. Her quick wit had anticipated such a predicament, for on reaching town she had purchased two chickens, which she had tied together and carried along the highway. When her former overseer was quite near her she allowed one of the chickens to escape, and, giving chase, she managed to elude close inspection and possible discovery by the approaching man.

By way of celebrating the Dred Scott decision, Harriet in 1857 made one of her most important trips South, when she brought her aged father and mother to freedom. They soon settled at Auburn, out on the very same street where Secretary Seward resided, and on a little piece of land which he owned. There a mile out on South street from the Seward home, they cultivated their little garden, and Harriet soon acquired on easy terms full possession of the property, which she still owns and lives on to-day.



The Union of South Africa

By AN EX-CONSUL

The most auspicious event in Africa in recent times save for the visit of the American Commission to Liberia has been the federation of the four white colonies into a single union under the English Crown. Indeed these two events being at the two extremes, have a most remarkable coincidence. One is the effort by the United States to help Africans to rule themselves. The other is England's efforts to perpetuate and extend Caucasian rule in Africa. The following article taken from "The Outlook" is of interest to every Negro interested in the future of the land of his fathers.—Editor.

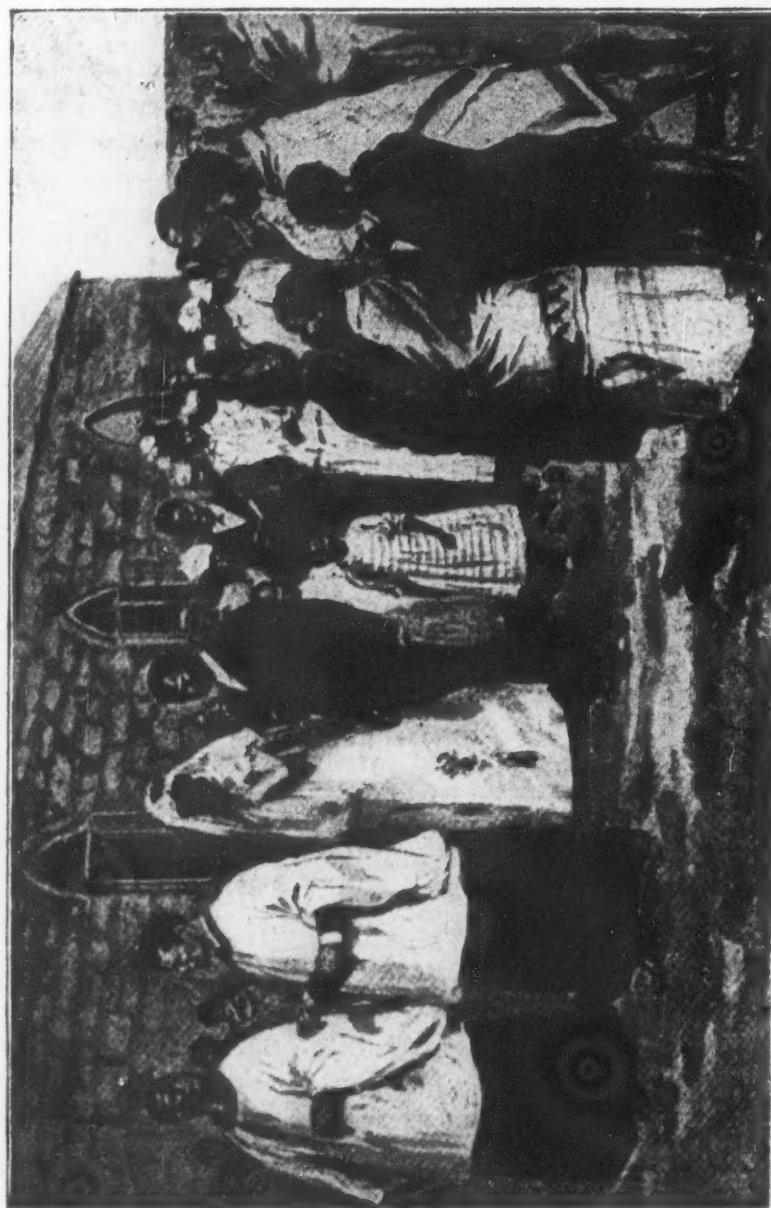


THE Parliaments of Cape Colony, Natal, Orange River Colony, and the Transvaal have accepted, with only minor amendment, the draft "South Africa Act," under which the most important of the British possessions in sub-tropical Africa will be federated. The referendum of the measure to the public of Natal has been overwhelmingly in favor of the Act; and all that now remains to be done is to secure the passage of the final addresses for union at the reassembled convention, and thereafter the royal assent. From the outset King Edward and his Ministers have been strongly in support of federation, and no delay is likely to follow the submission of the scheme to the Crown. Therefore we may say that to all intents and purposes, South Africa has definitely pledged itself to union, and is about to take its place as one of a trio of great nations—of which Australia and Canada are the others—acknowledging allegiance to the British throne, yet practically autonomous in all save foreign relations.

Heretofore the four colonies have been

divided by petty differences, made important at times by racial feeling; and statesmen have foreseen that in order to become a nation South Africa needed a national spirit. In that spirit a conference met at the close of last year, and delegates from all the colonies set to work upon their heavy task of formulating a plan of union acceptable to all. It speaks well for the ability and moderation of the members of the Convention that in less than seven months after the first session a scheme of federation was prepared, submitted to the colonial Parliaments, and by them approved. The draft Constitution is plainly influenced by Canadian, Australian, German, and American precedent; and if the plan is not found good in practice it cannot be attributed to any lack of examples by which to profit. The delegates drew upon all the sources of federal accomplishment throughout the world. It is impossible here to rehearse all the terms of the new Act, but a few of the salient points are necessary to an understanding of the subject.

The Sovereign of England is to be represented by a Governor-General over



A WEDDING IN SOUTH AFRICA

ll the union. Legislative functions will be vested in a Federal Parliament consisting of a Senate and House of Assembly. The Senators will be forty in number, eight to be chosen by the Governor-General and eight to be elected by each of the four colonial Parliaments. The House of Assembly will be elected by popular vote, and will at first be in the following proportions: Cape Colony 51 members, Transvaal 36, Natal 17, and Orange Free State 17. (It is noteworthy that under the new Act the Orange River Colony reverts to its old name, Free State, which it bore before the war with England.) These members may be increased as may be required by increase in population. The powers of the Federal Government embrace all matters of national finance and policy. Purely provincial legislation is vested in "provincial councils," one in each colony or province, and these councils will consist of the same number of members as are elected to the Federal Assembly by each State. The executive power in the provinces will rest with administrators to be appointed by the Governor-General. The courts of the Federation will be remodeled on lines similar to the legislative changes. There will be one Supreme Court of South Africa, and in each province superior courts from which appeal may be made to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court. Existing laws will remain in force where practicable, and it is hoped that the differences between local legislative enactments can be smoothed away without doing violence to any section of the country. All revenues and public debts of the States are to be vested

in the Federal Government, and all rail-ways and harbors will become the property of the Federation. Provision is made in the Act whereby Rhodesia and the British protectorates may be admitted to the union at a later date.

The question of the location of the Federal capital, which seemed to present great difficulties, has been overcome in an entirely novel way. The Legislature will meet in Cape Town, but with that exception the seat of government will be Pretoria, so South Africa will have two capitals, and both Cape Colony and the Transvaal therefore find it possible to agree to the scheme of union. The present capitals of the other two states are to be compensated for removing their governmental dignities from them.

So far we have seen merely the instruments of union, but they would prove of no avail were there not a *spirit* of union behind them. It is in that spirit that we find the most remarkable of all the strange features of South Africa's union, and it may be of interest to turn to that phase of the case.

It is but six years since the ashes of the South African War ceased to glow—less than six years since race hatred was white hot from the Zambesi River to the Cape of Good Hope. To-day, as we have seen, the Parliaments of four colonies—in three of which the Dutch are in the majority—have adopted a scheme for the federation of all British South Africa. Two of those colonies are British solely by virtue of conquest in the recent war; a third is bound by the closest ties of blood and tradition with the Dutch people; and only one of the four is essen-

tially British in ideals and aspirations. By all the omens, then, the greater part of southern Africa should be anti-British in spirit, if not in act. Yet the leaders of the Dutch party throughout the land emphatically assert that their people are entirely loyal to the British Crown, against which for three years they expended all their powers of warfare. The assertion seems to be false on the face of it. Surely this is mere lip-loyalty, and, when the opportunity occurs, the whole South African Dutch race will rise and sweep the British into the sea.

That is the opinion which is entertained by a great many people in England and by a few in South Africa. They argue with perfect plausibility that it is practically impossible for a conquered people to transfer its honest allegiance to a conquering power without the intervention of a long period of transition and blending. The Dutch are imbued with a patriotism more ardent than most. There is never a Dutchman or Dutchwoman worthy the name who does not cherish within a fierce fire of love for the country, and skeptical persons points to this well-known truth, and ask, "Are these men and women sincere when they profess faithfulness to the flag which has supplanted their beloved Vierkleur?"

Now, in spite of the array of all the probabilities against such a state of affairs, it is absolutely certain that the loyalty which is given by the South African Dutch is true and without reservation so far as the better classes are concerned. Doubtless there are a few irreconcilables in the outlying districts, but fully nine-tenths of the burghers and their fami-

lies are convinced that it is their duty to be loyal to the British Government. It would be folly to suppose that the Dutch love the British flag. That will be reached only after many years. But they have a deep respect for the flag, and from respect to affection is a natural progression, although it may be a slow one.

In order to understand how it is possible for a nation so soon to adopt a new allegiance and cease to long for the old, it is necessary to know something of the history of the race and something also of its mode of thought. The term "Boers," which is applied by the South African Dutch to themselves, means simply tillers of the soil, and in the early days it was a just appellation, for all the Dutchmen were farmers. There were no settlements deserving a greater name than villages. Nowadays the conditions have altered somewhat, and one finds Dutchmen in every walk of life, the title "Boer" still clinging. The early Boers, after being driven from the Cape Colony into the interior, sought to establish themselves in Natal and on the highland beyond the great mountain chain of the Drakensberg. For many years they maintained a precarious foothold in those districts, and pursued an almost incessant warfare against the Bushmen, Basutos and Zulus, whom they found in possession of the land. Times out of number the farmers were surprised and butchered by the natives. The Dutch folk say that every foot of the land is stained by blood of their forefathers. But at last, when peace had been restored in some parts of the country and hostilities had become less frequent in the others, the oncoming British

again appeared to challenge the Dutch for supremacy, and after a brief and ineffectual resistance the farmers moved on once more. This migration carried nearly all of them into the highland which they named Orange Free State and Transvaal. On this great tableland, which seemed to the weary pioneers a very Canaan of promise, they had comparatively little difficulty in establishing themselves. The native inhabitants were fewer than in the lowlands, and everything seemed to smile upon the settlers. Far and wide they spread across the country, each man taking as much land as he listed. There was room enough for all and to spare. The solemn, God-fearing old Voortrekkers, as they were called, laid down the musket—not quite out of reach, for one never knew when it might be needed—and took up the spade and the plow. They sought out sheltered places near the fountains or springs, and began to build for themselves houses and cattle kraals after the fashion of those which they had left on the coast. They planted enough land to yield them food for their modest requirements, set out a few willow trees around each homestead, suffered their flocks and herds to roam and multiply upon the boundless veldt, and then sat down with their long pipes and their great bowls of coffee to enjoy that unbroken monotony of bucolic existence which, after a generation of fighting and restless going forward, appeared to them as the goal of their ambition. They were a community of primitive democracy, having a rude code of laws, which they observed when convenient. Crime was almost unknown among them. Hos-

pitality was their watchword. Severe Calvinism was their creed.

When men dwell in undisturbed communion with the sublime grandeur of Nature, they invariably become animated by a spirit of simplicity which is nearly akin to greatness. The Boers may not have thought much about the splendid wealth of natural beauty around them; they may have been ignorant of the eloquence of the vast expanse of rolling land and brilliant skies; but, whether they were so or not, their surroundings had a great effect upon them. They looked out upon their broad possessions and knew that they were precious; they remembered the years of struggling away from the trammels of conventional civilization, and with grave and awed voices they praised God for the gift of an abiding place which they believed to be the fairest on earth. What wonder was it, then, that their patriotism grew and flourished more and more with every year that passed? It became the very breath of life to them.

But the end of this happy state of affairs was at hand. First diamonds and then gold came to light, and the eyes of the world were turned upon this forgotten region. Suddenly the Boer found himself a factor in the politics of that great world with which he had no sympathy; and perforce he began to assume, but reluctantly, the duties and responsibilities which the possession of untold wealth cast upon him. Yet the intense fervor of patriotism did not wane, and when, as was inevitable, the war came, both men and women went calm and determined into the firing lines. Most of them believed that they would triumph.

A few of the leaders knew that they would surely lose. But the whole nation was driven to do its utmost for the defense of the land which was dearer than life. The issue of the war was a foregone conclusion; the only question was its duration; and when the conquered people recognized the fact of defeat, peace was proclaimed. The old four-colored flag was gone from all the flag-staffs. The hated Union Jack waved exultantly in every breeze.

Statesmen in England spoke openly of the danger which the sullen Boers would be to British dominion. It was predicted that several generations would pass before the enmity of the Dutch would be wiped away. Yet other statesmen decided upon an apparently foolhardy policy, and these, being for the time in power, were able to carry out their plans. They deliberately gave the privilege of representative institutions to the colonies where the Boers, smarting under defeat, were in the majority; and so the world was treated to the unparalleled sight of a conquered race having full legislative powers in a country from which the army of invasion had not withdrawn. It certainly was a hazardous experiment, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it would have failed. That it not only did not fail but was completely satisfactory is attributable to the very fierceness of patriotism which was supposed to be the chief obstacle in the path of peace. Had the Boers been a whit less devoted to their land and a whit more devoted to their individual ambitions, the experiment would have been a failure, and would probably have led to a count-

less number of "unpleasantnesses" here and there throughout the new colonies, but because they loved their land, and thought only of its welfare, they accepted the gift that was bestowed upon them and set themselves to work to make good the ravages of the war and to establish the country upon a lasting basis of prosperity. They would have preferred a grand federation of all the states under the Dutch standard, but they saw that such a dream was not to be fulfilled, and therefore they decided to expend their energies for the upbuilding of a South African nation under the British flag. Whatever fate awaits the attempt, there is no longer any valid reason to doubt the sincerity of the Boer leaders who are controlling the situation.

Not long ago I brought to the notice of one of the foremost members of the Transvaal Government a statement to the effect that the Dutch people were only ostensibly loyal, and that when the chance occurred the whole nation would rush to arms again and renew the struggle for independence.

"I have seen several assertions of this kind," he replied, "but do you truly think that we are mad? What can we possibly gain by further resistance? That is the question which people should ask themselves before they make such statements. England has given up a degree of independence for which we dared not hope, and I assure you that we appreciate the gift. Of course we shall always treasure the memory of the old regime, but that will not interfere with our making the best of the new. There is abso-

lutely no foundation for believing that there is any underhand scheme for re-establishing the old republics."

That is the opinion of all the leaders of what may be called the Young Dutch party, and they are the men whose word will sway the minds of ninety per cent. of the people. It is simply an instance of rapid recognition of fact and earnest desire to do the best that may be done to save their beloved country from further distress and ruin. It is a trimming of sails to the wind—of that there is no doubt—but it is robbed of the obloquy which usually attaches to that proceeding by being also a true endeavor to bring the ship of state safely to its haven. And when it is regarded in this light, there is something very much like greatness in the minds of a people which can overlook personal sentiment and see only the good of the community at large. Instead of an interest ethnical the Boers have adopted an interest national. They have decided to construct polity rather than policy.

The idea which the British residents of South Africa have in view in promoting a scheme of federation is far less subtle than that which occupies the minds of the Dutch. Britain naturally desires to have every one of its colonial possessions in the most prosperous condition possible, and it is evident that South Africa a federated country is infinitely preferable to South Africa a disconnected group of states. The ordinary English settler has no dislike for his Dutch neighbor, and is quite ready to make a friend of him. The war is over, and both sides fought well. It is not dif-

ficult for one of the conquering race to be magnanimous. Furthermore, the Briton always remembers the commercial aspect of every question, and he sees that the business conditions of the whole country will be greatly improved by the union of colonies.

There is a third factor in the case, and one that is often forgotten, but nevertheless is of great importance. This is the element which is called "Colonial"—that is, people who were born and bred in the colonies. In South Africa these Colonial people are generally very pronounced in their loyalty to Great Britain, and at times they do not hesitate to speak in anything but glowing terms of their Dutch neighbors; but they and the Boers understand one another. They have fought side by side against black foes, and they have fought face to face. Therefore they have a wholesome respect for each other's valor, and at heart they have a great liking one for the other. Moreover, the Colonials have intermarried with the Boers so often that it is almost impossible to draw the line between the races. In many of his characteristics the Colonial is like the Boer, and when talking with two men, one representing the better class of Boer and the other the Colonial, one discovers that they are the same in speech, manner, and thought. Therefore the Colonial may be considered as the intermediary between the two races, and may exercise a vast power for harmony. He can smooth the way to union as no one else can smooth it, and the comprehension of this truth is gaining prevalence every day. At the close of the war the Colonial was more

bitter in his treatment of the Boers than was any Englishman, but that phase of affairs soon passed, and to-day the Colonial understands that it is his duty as well as his privilege to take a prominent part in the federation of all South African interests. And then, as I have said, the Boer and the Colonial are good friends at heart.

QUESTION OF THE NATIVES.

Aside from all the commercial and sentimental reasons for a South African federation is one that is of more urgent importance than all the others. This is the question of the governance of the natives, who in that country are to the white people as ten is to one. For the most part, the blacks are a peaceful and harmless race in these days, but no man can tell at what minute trouble may occur.

Rebellion may spring up without an instant's warning, and when that happens, it is imperative that all branches of the paramount race shall stand shoulder to shoulder against a common peril. If calm and contentment are to prevail among the natives—and by means of these insurrections can be set at a far distance—there must be uniform and intelligent legislation and execution of the laws throughout all the land. The conflict of differing laws in different states sets a premium upon discontent among the natives. The native question is the most serious problem before the people of South Africa, now and at all times, and great expectations are cherished of the benefits which will accrue to native administration under a Federal Government.

The Commissioners in Liberia

By EMMETT J. SCOTT

This highly interesting and delightful article on the American Commissioners' journey to the stranded Liberian Republic was written by Mr. Scott for "The Independent." While Mr. Scott cannot go into political details, he incidentally puts his finger herewith on the soft spots in the Liberian situation. For a fuller discussion of that situation, we refer Colored American readers to our August issue and to our editorial in this issue.—Editor.



UCH has been written about the little Negro republic of Liberia, Africa, since the visit of the Liberian Envoys to this country a year ago. The Envoys came to America to invoke the good offices of the United States in the effort of the republic to preserve its independ-

ence and to strengthen the internal organization of the Government.

It was in response to the visit of these Envoys that the United States Government last spring sent a commission to Liberia to investigate conditions there and to report how this country can best serve the republic in the present emergency.

As an indication that the people of the United States share to some extent the interest of the colored people of the United States in Liberia let me say something, first of all, in regard to the commission that was appointed to investigate the affairs of the Negro republic.

Shortly after his inauguration Mr. Taft and Secretary Knox appointed a committee of three members composed of Dr. Roland Post Falkner, of the United States Immigration Commission, chairman; Dr. George Sale, superintendent of schools of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and the writer of this article, as members of the commission. Associated with these three members of the commission were Mr. George A. Finch of the State Department, as secretary; Major Percy M. Ashburn, United States Medical Corps, medical attache; Captain Sydney A. Cloman, of the American Embassy of London, military attache, and Mr. Frank A. Flower civilian attache.

It had been at first intended that the colored member of the commission should be Principal Booker T. Washington, of the Tuskegee Institute in Alabama. After it was found, to his own regret as well as that of the State Department, that it would be impossible for him to leave his duties in this country for so long a time, I was appointed in his place, probably because I had for a number of years been his secretary and assistant at Tuskegee.

The United States scout cruisers Chester and Birmingham were placed at the disposal of the commission, which sailed from New York on Saturday,

April 24th. There was, for me at least, since I had never crossed the ocean before, much of interest on board ship during the two weeks that it took us to reach Monrovia, which is the capital and principal port of Liberia. Perhaps I ought to say here, in view of certain sensational statements which appeared in certain newspapers on the eve of sailing, that Captain H. B. Wilson, who was in command of the Chester, and Captain Howard, of the Birmingham, did everything in their power to make pleasant my stay on board ship. Personally I cannot too warmly commend the treatment which I received at their hands, and at the hands of the officers and crews of both ships upon which, at various times during my absence from the country, I had the privilege of traveling. Captain Wilson especially, with the courtesy of a



EMMETT J. SCOTT

Member of the Commission to Liberia

true gentleman, did everything in his power to relieve me of any embarrassment I might otherwise have felt in view of the reports that had been circulated.

I had never before, of course, been on board a Government vessel for such a trip, and the various regulations which are enforced upon shipboard were a constant source of interest to me. The matter of precedence among the officers and members of the crew particularly impressed me. On board the Chester the commissioners, it seemed, ranked with the captain, and they alone had their meals with him in the captain's mess cabin. The captain's cabin is a very sacred place on board a naval vessel. I noticed, for example, that no officer at any time admitted himself to the captain's presence without first receiving permission through an orderly. I used to wonder secretly if the captain did not get a little lonesome sometimes, shut off as he seemed to be by reason of his rank from free and intimate intercourse with the other members of the crew.

We reached Monrovia on Saturday, May 8, exactly two weeks to the hour from the time we had passed Sandy Hook. These two weeks on board ship had given the members of the commission a very lively desire to get on land. We had abundant opportunities to talk things over during the time that we were on the ocean, and we were eager to see how nearly conditions would square with our preconceived notions. For my part I was particularly eager to see what a native African would look like in his own country.

It was a very curious experience as we began to approach land to see the natives coming out in their little "bum-boats" to sell their petty merchandise. Some of them had food for the mess table, others came out merely to dive for pennies. One of the most interesting of these divers was a little fellow, a native Liberian boy, about eleven years old, black as ebony, with white, shiny teeth, who shouted from his little canoe: "Fro penny, fro penny, me dive, me dive; me name Booker, me name Booker Washington."

We cheerfully responded by pitching some pennies to see this artful diver catch them before they could reach the bottom.

After a few moments the American Minister, Dr. Ernest Lyon, came aboard, accompanied by Bishop L. B. Scott, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America. Others of the party to greet us were the secretary of the American Legation and Edgar Allan Forbes, a newspaper and magazine writer, who was representing the Associated Press in Liberia.

After exchanging salutations the party prepared to go ashore. We learned that the people were prepared to extend a formal welcome to the visiting commission.

There were some formalities which had to be observed, however, before this was possible. The Chester thundered a salute of twenty-one guns, which was quickly answered by the Monrovian fort. Forthwith the sea front was lined with a countless number of people, who came down to get, some of them, at least, their

first view of an American man-of-war. The Liberian Government sent out a highly decorated steam launch, the President Benson, named after a former President of the republic, beautifully draped with signal flags and flying the American and Liberian colors; this launch conveyed the members of the commission to the dock.

Upon arriving there it was with difficulty that we could make our way through the surging crowd which lined our pathway. Immediately after passing through the custom house, the Acting Mayor, who was accompanied by the City Council, read to the commission an address of welcome, after which, preceded by a band of four companies of the Liberian militia, we marched up the streets and were successively stopped at four flower-decked arches prepared by the women of the republic, these arches representing the four counties of Montserrado, Grand Bassa, Sinoe and Maryland, and as we passed under them addresses of welcome were read on behalf of each of said counties. Each one of these arches was in turn held over us until we reached the next, until we finally stopped at the American Legation, where an informal reception was held.

It was my privilege to reply to two of these addresses of welcome. I have never seen, even among the members of my race in the South, in their moments of wildest rejoicing, anything to exceed the feeling manifested by these people in their expressions of gratitude and good will to the American Government and the commission which had come to them as its representatives. One old woman

exclaimed: "Welcome home; welcome home; welcome home; all of you." This was especially amusing to the white members of the commission, who had never before set foot upon their "Fatherland."

It was interesting to note during all the time we were in the country how closely these people regarded themselves as being connected with the United States. In all of the addresses, of one kind or another, it was constantly kept before the commission that it was America that was responsible for the settlement and auspicious beginning of the Liberian Republic. After this statement had been repeated in different forms a number of times, one of the commissioners, in replying to this sentiment so frequently expressed, facetiously remarked:

"In the Southern States of America the colored people are constantly reminding the white people of the United States that they owe a great debt to the Negro race because they brought them as slaves from Africa to America. Here in Liberia, on the contrary, we are constantly reminded of the debt which America owes by reason of the transportation of American Negroes to African soil."

There was no concealment, on the part of the Liberians, as to their governmental difficulties and their anxious desire for the aid which it seems only the American people can give.

As an American Negro, I naturally have some pride in noting how far the Liberians have been able to preserve an orderly form of government. The affairs of San Domingo are now administered by officials appointed by the United

States; Haiti and Liberia alone are the republics whose affairs are largely, if not wholly, administered by black men. In all of the great continent of Africa, with its thousands and thousands of square miles of territory, Liberia, with the possible exception of Abyssinia, is the only state which is conducted by Africans for Africans.

The first sight of Monrovia is rather disappointing. In coming up from the dock you pass first through a particularly dilapidated street, called Waterside, which is, in a way, the commercial street of the city. Most of the business on this street is controlled by aliens—that is, by Europeans—and there is nothing at all attractive in this first view of the little city. As you ascend the hill, however, you see that the town is beautifully situated on a cape projecting far into the water, and surmounting the hill is a lighthouse whose warning and beckoning rays can be seen twenty miles at sea. The streets are wide, and the houses are, in the main, two-story brick structures and patterned on the order of the Southern mansions of our country, with wide verandas extending all the way around the house.

I had read much, before going to Africa, in Sir Harry Johnson's book on Liberia and in other publications, of the native Africans. It was to me, however, a very interesting sight to see representatives of the various tribes, including the Kroos, the Vais, the Golahs, the Mandingos, the Mendis and the Passeys, all of whom, in their vari-colored costumes of dress and undress, followed us about the city. These natives manifested, it

seemed to me, quite as much interest in the proceedings as the more intelligent and more highly civilized Liberians. They seemed also fully to understand the object and significance of the commission's visit.

The Americo-Liberians looked, for all the world, like the ordinary type of the colored people of the United States, and one would not imagine himself in Africa except for the appearance of the natives, who, with their loosely worn and highly colored costumes, greeted us on all sides. Though indicative of that highly developed self-respect which characterizes Liberians, it was a rather strange sight for me to see the more important men dressed invariably in long, sombre, black frock coats, with corresponding high silk hats. It seemed to me that under the merciless rays of a tropical sun a more comfortable costume might be adopted. This garb, however, is the sign-manual of respectability and is a long-established custom which it would be difficult to change.

The commission used its time in interviews with the President of the republic, the Vice-President, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Attorney-General, judges of the Supreme Court, the bishops in charge of missionary work in Liberia, city and county officials, consular representatives, as well as the representatives of the large trading establishments doing business in the republic. A mere list of the names of the various officials and governmental departments of Liberia reveals how closely the Liberians have modeled their form of government

and methods of administration after our own country.

Judging from repeated expressions of various Liberians and the official organ published at Monrovia, Liberia feels that America has failed to exercise that friendly interest in her existence and development which her sixty years of struggle and actual progress would seem to merit at the hands of a parent republic.

The commission did not confine its inquiries to Liberia alone; it chartered a boat and made visits to the agricultural settlements up the St. Paul River. Afterward, dividing—one section going on the Chester and the other on the Birmingham—the commission visited the interior districts, where there are differences between the Liberians and the British, and where there are differences between the Liberians and the French; the party going south visited Grand Bassa, perhaps the principal commercial port on the Liberian coast, and made visits to the towns of Upper Buchanan, Lower Buchanan and Edina.

Farther down the coast, at Cape Palmas, the town of Harper was visited, and the party went overland to the mouth of the Cavally River, where a canoe was secured for a visit up the river to some of the smaller villages. The only launch on the river, owned by a German firm, could not be secured because for five or six days it had been out of coal and there was no immediate prospect of a supply of fuel being secured. As we journeyed up the river we stopped at some of the smaller villages, and in the interior there was the same general enthusiasm wher-

ever the commission made a visit; cannon boomed, the militia was called out, bands paraded, and eager crowds of natives, gaudily clad, followed us about, and with many of them we had the pleasure of conversing through an interpreter; the natives danced in our honor—the natives are always dancing—and gave many other outward evidences of their desire to extend to the American commissioners a hearty and royal welcome.

Leaving Liberia, the two parties reassembled and visited for two days in Freetown, Sierra Leone, where opportunity was afforded for comparison between that place and Liberia. The English exercise a protectorate over Sierra Leone, and have spent considerable sums of money in providing improvements, the like of which are sadly lacking in Liberia, where there is no railroad, no telegraph system, no banking facilities or means of communications except by water or overland in hammocks, if the traveler be unable to trust his own legs.

The particular impression I have is that Liberians need more contact with the outside world. To my mind, the Negro citizens of the United States owe their great progress since emancipation to their contact with a stronger people. In fear of losing their independence, Liberians have not encouraged much contact with Europeans, who are, at this time, practically the only class with whom they come in touch.

The general good order to be found in the cities and in the agricultural settlements, the lack of profanity on the streets (the current language of the Liberians being the same as that of our own coun-

try), the unquestioned chastity of the women of Liberia, the respect for law and those who administer the affairs of their Government, together with their general reverence for religion, show that the Liberians are not without sterling virtues.

In Freetown, Sierra Leone, it is very

evident that there are agencies of civilization at work which are not to be found in Monrovia, and it is their desire to possess such agencies of civilization that led the Liberians to make their appeal to the Government of the United States for help at this time.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.

The National Medical Association



EX-PRESIDENT P. A. JOHNSON

When the eleventh annual convention of the National Medical Association adjourned in Boston, August 26, the opinion was general that the convention was the most notable ever held by the association. Dr. Marcus F. Wheatland, the X-ray expert of Newport, R. I., was, on the motion of Dr.

S. E. Courtney, unanimously elected president. The opposition based on various grounds, never came to a head, and the two local candidates, Dr. John B. Hall and Dr. C. N. Garland, refused to make a strong fight for the presidency. Dr. I. L. Roberts, of Boston, nominated Dr. Wheatland, and Dr. C. V. Roman seconded the nomination. Then Dr. Courtney moved that the election be made unanimous.

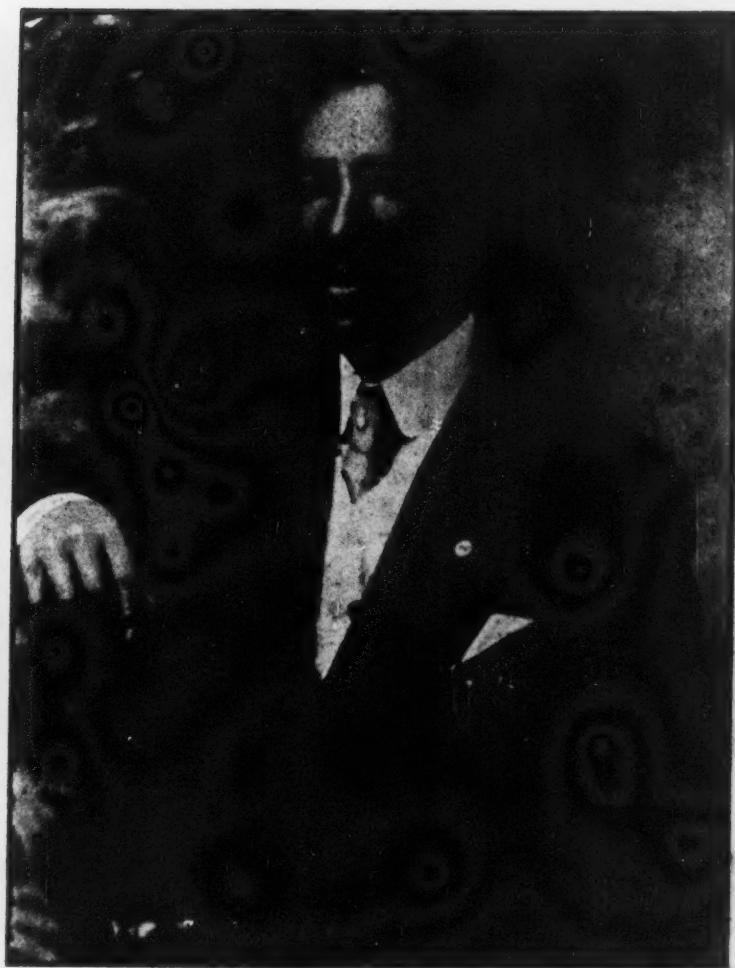
The officers elected for the ensuing year are: Dr. Marcus F. Wheatland, of Newport, R. I., president; Dr. W. S. Lofton, D.D.S., of Washington, D. C., vice president; Dr. J. A. Kenney, of Tuskegee Institute, general secretary; Dr. A. W. Williams, of Chicago, treasurer; Mrs. J. P. H. Coleman, Ph.G., of Newport News, Va., pharmaceutical secretary; Dr. A. T. Robinson, D.D.S., of New York City, dental secretary; Dr. R. F. Boyd, of Nashville; Dr. Geo. C. Hall, of Chicago; Dr. Willis E. Steers, of Decatur, Ala.; Dr. Mahlon A. Van Horne, of Newport, R. I.; Dr. C. H. Shepard, of Durham, N. C.; Dr. Amanda Gray, of Washington, D. C.;



DR. J. A. KENNEY, GENERAL SECRETARY



DR. C. V. ROMAN, NASHVILLE, TENN.
Editor-in-Chief of the N. M. A. Journal



DR. J. A. MURRAY, PATTERSON, LA.

Dr. N. F. Mossell, of Philadelphia; Dr. G. E. Cannon, of Jersey City, and Dr. C. H. Marshall, of Washington, D. C., Executive Committee.

Next year the association will meet in Washington, D. C.

Dr. W. Alexander Cox, of Cambridge, Mass., was elected chairman of the dental section; Dr. W. S. Scarborough and Dr. John Olander, of London, were elected associate members of the N. M. A.

Among the principal addresses delivered before the convention were

those of Dr. W. Thirkield, president of Howard University, and Dr. Merrill, of Fisk University. Paying tribute to such pioneers of the profession as Dean Hubbard, of Meharry, and the late Dr. Thurman Shadd, Dr. Thirkield urged the Negro profession to direct its attention to the Negroes of the South. There, he said, is the place and the opportunity for the young Negro doctor.

Among the papers were those of Dr. Marcus F. Wheatland, Dr. Thomas W. Patrich, of Boston; Dr. George C. Hall, of Chicago, and Dr. H. F. Gamble, of Charleston, W. Va.



DR. H. M. GRIFFIN



H. W. ROSS, D.D.S.



DR. J. B. HALL



DR. W. S. LOFTON

National Nurses' Association



MISS MARTHA M. FRANKLIN

At the successful second annual convention of the National Association of

Colored Nurses, held at the Twelfth Baptist Church of Boston at the same time of the doctors' session, Miss M. Franklin, of New Haven, was re-elected president.

The other officers elected are: Mrs. M. R. Tucker, of Philadelphia, first vice-president; Miss Greenwood, of Wisconsin, second vice-president; Miss Mary F. Clarke, of Richmond, recording secretary; Miss A. L. Martin, of New York, corresponding secretary, and Miss Adah B. Samuel, New York, treasurer.

Reports read from the recording secretary, Miss Clarke, and corresponding secretary, Miss L. Viola, of Charleston, and the treasurer, Miss Samuel, showed a remarkable growth in membership and that the finances of the organization are in good shape.



KEEPERS OF THE TEMPLE

(Read at the Banquet of the National Medical Association, Boston, August 26, 1909.)

Earth!—out of Earth God shaped and made
 All lovely things to signify His love:—
 The flowers arrayed
 On the shy amorous bosom of the Spring;
 All vegetable forms that move
 Up to the rain and sun for harvesting;
 Odors and colors, beasts and birds
 Are symbols, signs and words
 Of the unfathomable mystery of Earth;
 And out of Earth God made His spouse
 Nature—the fruitful bride of His terrene house,
 And her He filled with tears and mirth,
 With grace and strength, and scorn and hate,
 With hope and quietude,
 Patience and fortitude,
 Passion and dream,
 And Fate:
 Nature, the immaculate Mother, Nature the
 bride
 Of God's own lustihood, conceived and
 brought
 Forth of God's Spirit and Earth
 Man to his birth.

The body of Man!
 Infinite perfection of dust!
 Shadowy as desire
 On the crust
 Of a world
 In the blazing path of a million whirling suns;
 Strong to lift all heaven's weight of stars
 In the will of brain, and the fire
 Of passionate, pulsing blood;
 Swift as a lightning, hurled
 Down by the sickle of Time;
 Imperishable as bronze
 In the seed of parenthood;
 Beautiful and sublime
 In color and shape and line:—
 Divine,
 This infinite perfection of dust,
 The body of Man!

On this mysterious plan
 God build Him His temple of Man

Of indestructible dust;
 And He gave ye the trust
 As a sacred dower
 To keep it in beauty,—
 For ye are the priests and the keepers of this,
 The visible temple of God.
 From the time of man's birth to his sleep in
 the sod
 Ye must hold to the duty,
 The service and the sacrifice,
 Building, rebuilding, and building anew
 The structure of flesh, with the subtle device
 Of a skill the schools have taught you,
 Of a wisdom which Nature alone imparts.
 Ye bring no wares to the marts,
 Ye barter no loss or gain;
 Ye stand at the altar-steps of life
 For the sole redemption of pain.
 Time and the world's unintelligible strife
 Batter humanity—
 Patient and serene, ye come to lives that
 grieve,
 Discern your dedicated duty—
 Heal and retrieve.

Ye gatherers here,—
 Keepers with all the world's keepers
 Of God's temple of dust—
 Ye tarry the dream from the sleepers,
 And the death, life gives to your trust;—
 And ye fare,
 With your infinite skill, the perfect skill that
 ye have
 When life battles with death,
 Ye fare and lead us
 Out of the hurts that bleed us,
 Not alone from the grave
 Of endless sleep:
 But by the power ye have
 When life struggles with death,
 Ye keep
 The pride and hope of a Race that toils the
 steep.

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE.

The Negro Behind President Madison

Written by GEORGE W. FORBES for *The Springfield Republican*.

IN the course of a recent auction sale of books in Boston there was put up a little work known as "A Colored Man's Recollections of President Madison," which developed for the time being an amusing incident as well as some general interest in the book itself. Having heard of the book, one or two colored men, more bountifully supplied with loyalty than with money, took inconspicuous stations in the room, and, after patiently waiting the sale, began eagerly to bid, relying probably upon the first part of its title to hold the book within their financial reach. But hardly had it been put up and the name announced before the price soared to such heights as to cover the young connoisseurs with confusion, adding as it were a new chapter to "The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac." Yet the fact that such a book was in existence to go to sale at all served to attract the attention of the local press, and awakened anew interest in a work which is unique in American history.

The author of these "Recollections," Paul Jennings, was born a slave at President Madison's homestead, at Montpelier, Va., in 1799. He was the son, according to his own statement, of Benjamin Jennings, an English trader, who was about that time residing in the Montpelier neighborhood. Jennings's mother, who

was also a slave on the Madison estate, was herself of mixed Negro and Indian blood. The boy seems to have been selected for housework or rather the body servant of Mr. Madison from the time he was old enough to serve, and continued to act in that capacity till the death of the former president. Jennings was of neat personal appearance, and of keen and ready perception, just the kind of a man to play the Boswell from behind the great man's chair while he seemed to be performing the work only of a menial. In this capacity Jennings went with the Madisons from Montpelier to Washington, or wherever else they went, in fulfilment of their public and social obligations, and through the kindly disposition of Mr. Madison seems to have enjoyed an unusual opportunity for observing the happenings of those stirring times. He served the ex-president till the latter's death, becoming almost his nurse when years and disease had undermined his vital powers so that he had to be lifted about by the strong arms of Jennings.

Paul Jennings owed his freedom to the action of Daniel Webster, though the great statesman was prompted probably not so much out of generosity toward Jennings as for the Madison estate. Mrs. Dolly Madison, wife of the fourth president of the United States, was a widow when she was married to James Madison, and had a young son, Todd Payne,

by the first marriage. After the marriage and settlement of the Madisons at Montpelier, Va., young Payne grew up and settled on an estate of his own not far away. But he was said to be a reckless gambler and spendthrift, and in the course of time ran through his own fortune, and turned to his mother for aid.

While Mr. Madison still lived and managed the affairs at Montpelier the mother could aid the son without feeling the effects of it. But after the death of the ex-president, in 1836, Mrs. Madison took up residence mainly in Washington, where she had always spent much of her time after leaving the White House. She herself, living forever in the social whirl was always under large financial obligations. These together with her spendthrift son's continual demands and the poor management of the Madison estate reduced her to such a state of penury that Montpelier, the great country seat, and all the slaves had to be sold to satisfy creditors. At the time of the sale, or probably by private arrangement, Mr. Webster, who had long known Paul Jennings, the Madison house man, through his intimate relation with the family, agreed to advance the purchase price for his freedom on condition that Paul would work it out for him. The price demanded for Jennings was only \$120, and was probably the amount which he lacked in having his purchase money, or perhaps it may have been considered by Mrs. Madison, who was already very aged, equivalent to the gift of freedom, for Jennings was still under fifty and worth much more than that in the open slave market. At all events it was paid by Mr.

Webster as conditioned in the following note:

March 19, 1847.

I have paid \$120 for the freedom of Paul Jennings. He agrees to work out the same at eight dollars a month, to be found with board, clothes and washing—to begin when we return from the North.—His freedom papers I give to him; they are recorded in this district. DANIEL WEBSTER.

Washington.

Jennings according to the term of this agreement went to live at the house of Mr. Webster, passing as it were directly from the feet of the father of the Constitution to those of its great expounder, so that with his keen native ability, although always for the most part in the capacity of slave, he enjoyed the very best opportunity for acquiring a knowledge of public men, and his views particularly about those during the Madison regime were always informing and valuable.

The case of Jennings must not be confounded with that of William Bean, who was also aided in obtaining his freedom by Mr. Webster, though according to Harvey the latter occurred first. Bean owned the assistance received from Webster to Monica, his wife, the cook in the Webster household, whom, by the way, Webster had paid \$600 for to Judge William Cranch of Washington, soon after the Websters set up housekeeping there.

Judge Cranch was another Massachusetts man out-Heroding Herod in slaveholding at Washington. Bean was already buying his freedom on instalments for \$1,500 when Mr. Webster learned of it through Monica, and as he lacked but

\$60 of the necessary amount, Mr. Webster made up the balance, which Bean, like Jennings, worked out at a stipulated price. These Beans lived with the Websters till the death of the statesman, and were remembered in his will. There may be a slight error as to the year when Bean went to the Webster household; for both the Webster note and internal evidence in the "Reminiscences" show that Jennings was with Mr. Webster as claimed. Jennings's "Recollection of James Madison" became so interesting that they were thought worth publishing by the Historic magazine in 1863, and subsequently into book form, which can now be found only on the shelves for very rare books in the most complete libraries of the country.

But while our hand is in, we might as well add one or two other incidents about Webster and the colored people, especially the instances of fun they had at his expense. Webster, as is well known, was unusually dark for a man of Northern birth, so much so, in fact, that he got quite generally to be referred to in certain quarters as "Black Dan." At the meetings held to condemn Webster's support of the fugitive slave bill during 1850 colored orators everywhere warned him of the danger he was in of being hoisted on his own petard into slavery by reason of his own dark hue and the ease with which any colored man could be enslaved by its ex parte enforcement. Samuel Ringgold Ward, the mightiest in intellect and blackest in African hue of colored men yet produced in America, said at the great Faneuil Hall meeting, held by leading Bostonians to condemn Webster's

speech, only a few days after its delivery: "There is a man who sometimes lives in Marshfield and who has the reputation of having an honorable dark skin. Who knows but that some postmaster may have to sit upon the case of the very gentleman whose character you have been discussing here to-night?" And Dr. James McCune Smith, the most scholarly of blacks, said at a New York mass meeting against the bill, when it actually became a law: "I wish to know if in a few months, when Daniel Webster is sitting at his fireside in Marshfield and an officer comes with his papers, describes him as a large dark man, with a large head and a big mouth, though not so big as that of Henry Clay—what would Mr. Webster say if he were hurried before a magistrate, and, after that, hurried away as fast as steam can carry him to Alabama or somewhere else?" One of these orators, Patrick Henry Reason (2), a very accomplished engraver at that day had the melancholy honor of engraving the massive plate which surmounted Daniel Webster's coffin; so that this colored man's art be said to have compensated Webster's altruism in rescuing Jennings from slavery. The New York colored artist in this instance was much more liberal than Joshua B. Smith, Boston's colored caterer about the same time, who, being sent for by Mr. Webster at the Revere House, was asked by the sage what he would charge to go to Marshfield and prepare a banquet in honor of the Turkish minister, then Mr. Webster's guest, replied: "Not for \$100 per day," and that he knew no other colored man who would go!

As Smith was sent after the war to the Massachusetts Legislature by an all-white Cambridge constituency, and was able to subscribe \$500 to the Shaw monument, and to pay \$1,400 for a small replica of Milmore's bust of Sumner, it is not to be supposed that his attitude toward the sage ever injured his business success about Boston.

It was about this time that Mr. Webster, fresh from a cozening tour of the South, particularly Virginia (with an eye single to his own candidacy), stopped over at New Bedford, where he was the guest of Mr. Grinnell. While walking along the wharves with his host the great statesman encountered Richard Johnson, the city crier, with bell in hand, holding it by the tongue. This Johnson, by the way, was the same man at whose house Frederick Douglass stopped on his first reaching New Bedford from slavery, and who gave the escaped slave, then called Frederick Johnson, the name of Douglass, to prevent an enlargement of the Johnson family, already too numerous in the whaling city.

"This," said Mr. Grinnell to his guest, "is Mr. Johnson, our city crier, a leader among the colored people and a red hot freesoler." "Well, Mr. Johnson," said Mr. Webster, "I see you are holding your tongue. It would be well for certain other gentleman I know of to follow your example."

"Yes, sir," replied Johnson, "it would have been well for a certain other gentleman I know of had he followed my example, instead of making pro-slavery speeches under the October sun in Virginia." Mr. Webster acknowledged the

scorn with a hearty laugh, and Johnson went out.

How long Jennings continued with the Websters it is not now possible to say, as the lives of the great man are all silent on this point. But by the terms of the agreement he was compelled to stay fifteen months, from about the first of April 1847, to the close of June the following year, and as his narrative refers in several instances to the kindness of Mr. Webster to Mrs. Madison, who died in July of 1849, he in all likelihood remained till after the last mentioned date. Jennings was doubtless put into the Interior Department through the influence of Mr. Webster, who was secretary of state under President Fillmore, and through kindly consideration for Madison's memory. And doubtless this interest of Mr. Webster in him toward the last was dictated by his own family convenience quite as much as from philanthropic consideration. Monica Bean, the cook in the household, was a much more important personage in the list of servants than anyone else; Mrs. Webster deemed her indispensable. We have already noted that it was through her influence that her husband was financially assisted to some extent in the purchase of his freedom by Mr. Webster, and self-interest would quickly suggest a more reliable continuance of the wife in the Webster kitchen if her husband could be given a place with the same family.

Public interest in the author of the "Recollections" was revived in 1865 through the sale among other books and articles of the autograph note of Daniel Webster which recorded the purchase of

Jennings. The collection had been made by Edward M. Thomas, himself a colored man, and till his death for many years a messenger of the House of Representatives. And Jennings was himself still living at the time and continued for several years at his place in the Department of the Interior.

Jennings's "Recollections," short as the work is, has probably received more consideration from writers than the work of any other Negro author. Several of the lives of President Madison and of his scarcely less famous wife, quote something from Jennings, and all of them make mention of his name; even those who like him have given only their recollections of the Madisons say also something of the inseparable "Paul." In fact, in all that relates to this man's career we have a splendid illustration of the capriciousness of fame. Born a slave, living and almost dying the same, Jennings, from the mere fact that he had served the Madisons was given a humble place of recognition by his country's government. And his rich, retentive memory fed ceaselessly by keen observation, prompting him always to be talking gratefully about the great has won him an humble though enduring place in the field of letters. While thus secure in his humble fame, the former slave sleeps in a well marked spot in the capital of his country; Madison, the mighty man that he served, lies neglected there at what was formerly the beautiful Montpelier "within a squirrel's leap of heaven," itself now reached only by a difficult journey through decay! A recent pilgrim "tells of the fallen gravestones, the dilapidated

surroundings and the general neglect of everything there where destitution sits in the ancient seat of departed grandeur: "With nodding arches, broken temples spread:

The very tombs now vanished like their dead."

The following one or two incidents culled from Jennings's "Recollections" must suffice as evidence of the work's value:

Well, on the 24th of August, sure enough, the British reached Bladensburg, and the fight began between 11 and 12. Even that very morning Gen. Armstrong assured Mrs. Madison there was no danger. The president, with Gen. Armstrong, Gen. Winder, Col. Monroe, Richard Rush, Mr. Graham, Tench Ringgold and Mr. Duvall rode out on horseback to Bladensburg to see how things looked. Mrs. Madison ordered dinner to be ready at 3, as usual; I set the table myself, and brought the ale, cider and wine, and placed them in the coolers, as all the cabinet and several military gentlemen and strangers were expected. While waiting, at just about 3, as Sukey, the house-servant, was lolling out of a chamber window, James Smith, a free colored man who had accompanied Mr. Madison to Bladensburg, galloped up to the house, waving his hat, and cried out: "Clear out, clear out! Gen. Armstrong has ordered a retreat!" All then was confusion. Mrs. Madison ordered her carriage, and passing through the dining-room, caught up what silver she could crowd into her old-fashioned reticule, and then jumped into the chariot with her servant girl Sukey, and Daniel Carroll, who took charge of them; Jo Bolin drove them over to Georgetown Heights, the British were expected in a few minutes. Mr. Cutts, her brother-in-law, sent me to a stable on 14th Street for his carriage. People were running in every direction. John Freeman (the colored butler) drove off in the coachee with his wife, child and servant; also a feather bed lashed

on behind the coachee, which was all the furniture saved except part of the silver and the portrait of Washington.

It has often been stated in print that when Mrs. Madison escaped from the White House, she cut from the frame the large portrait of Washington (now in one of the parlors there), and carried it off. This is totally false. She had no time for doing it. It would have required a ladder to get it down. All she carried off was the silver in her reticule, as the British were thought to be but a few squares off, and were expected every moment. John Suse (a Frenchman, then doorkeeper, and still living) and Magraw, the president's gardener, took it down and sent it off on a wagon, with some large silver urns and such of her valuables, as could be hastily got hold of. When the British did arrive, they ate up the very dinner, and drank the wines, etc., that I had prepared for the president's party.

Mrs. Madison slept that night at Mrs. Love's, two to three miles over the river. After leaving that place, she called in at

a house, and went upstairs. The lady of the house learning who she was, became furious, and went to the stairs and screamed out: "Mis' Madison! If that's you, come down and go out! Your husband has got mine out fighting and d—— you, you shan't stay in my house; so get out!" Mrs. Madison complied, and went to Mrs. Minor's, a few miles further, where she stayed a day or two, and then returned to Washington, where she found Mr. Madison at her brother-in-law's, Richard Cutts, on F street.

Our subject remained in the Interior Department till about the time of his death in 1872, and left a son then, who may be still filling an humble station somewhere in the naval service. But the little book which bears his name and which is unique in the annals of American letters, is still drawn upon by everyone who writes on the doings of the Madison household.

EDITORIAL

TRADE SCHOOLS

There is no educational problem more agitated at the present day than that of incorporating trade or vocational schools in the public system. It was thoroughly discussed at the National Educational Convention in Denver, and some of the most prominent educators in the country expressed themselves as in favor of the vocational school. This movement toward a broadening of the public school work is partially an outgrowth from the successful manual training and domestic science courses. But it is, even more, the result of the steady growing conviction that the school should not exist

merely as feeders to the colleges.

But of all the pupils who enter the public schools, only about two per cent. ever go to college. Should the whole course be planned for such a small per cent.? Eighty per cent. of the school children leave the grades before reaching the high school. And of the ten per cent. who do go to the high school, only four per cent. graduate. What of the other 96 per cent.?

It is evident that they want some kind of training that the public schools do not offer. The question arises whether or not the public schools should supply their wants. The sentiment of the time an-

swers the question overwhelmingly in the affirmative. It is a big undertaking for the public schools to teach the trades; but at least it has been done successfully elsewhere. Many of the German cities have such a system of trade schools, and in Munich especially they have been successful.

Under the present conditions there is no way for certain trades to be taught except through apprenticeship, which seldom results in giving the workman an all-around knowledge of his trade. Furthermore, it is a very slow method of instruction.

If the proud and progressive Caucasian approves and advocates the teaching of trades in the public schools, ought not the Negro see an advantage in it?

LIBERIA'S MANLY APPEAL

In other columns to-day we are publishing the semi-official statement of Liberia as to her needs and the ways in which America can help her. Liberia wishes America to take over her public debt. In this way only it is implied can the debt, "not large," be safely managed with fairness to the creditors and justice to themselves. Secondly, Liberia desires the United States to "supervise" her fiscal affairs and "see" to the collections of her customers. This they desire not only as a badly needed training for her young men, but to assure and secure her creditors. Thirdly, Liberia wants America to reorganize and strengthen, or to assist in so modernizing her military, in-

terior, postal, educational, agricultural and judicial departments. In the fourth, and we are advised the most important, place, Liberia wants America to see to the adjustment of her boundary lines. In this last request is hinted the alleged encroachment of England and Germany upon Liberian territory.

While Liberia thus needs much, America can hardly afford to give less than she asks. Liberia wishes to maintain her independence, to be self-sustaining and "just to all men." Only through a vital strengthening of her affairs, can America, as duty demands, grant Liberia this boon. It is evident that his brave little government of hardy black men under American tutelage and protection for a few years would go forward. Thus secured confidence both at home and abroad in Liberia would be established. The efforts of the Liberians would be quickened, and their energy, at present dissipated in anxiety and mismanagement, would be directed along positive lines of progress. Such help from America would encourage the needed immigration of capable and ambitious American Negroes. America has so helped Cuba and Liberia, equally at least the foster child of America, has shown a greater ability for self-government.

The ways as laid down by which America can help Liberia are simple. The task would not be difficult. Unable to go longer alone and unsustained, Liberia makes a manly appeal for America's help. America should grant it.

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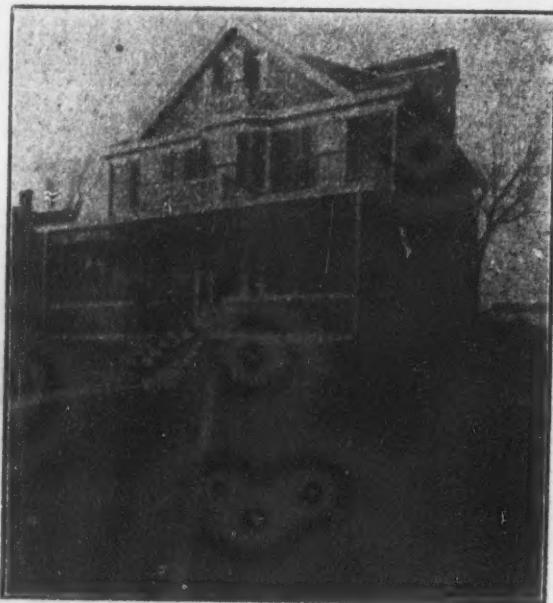
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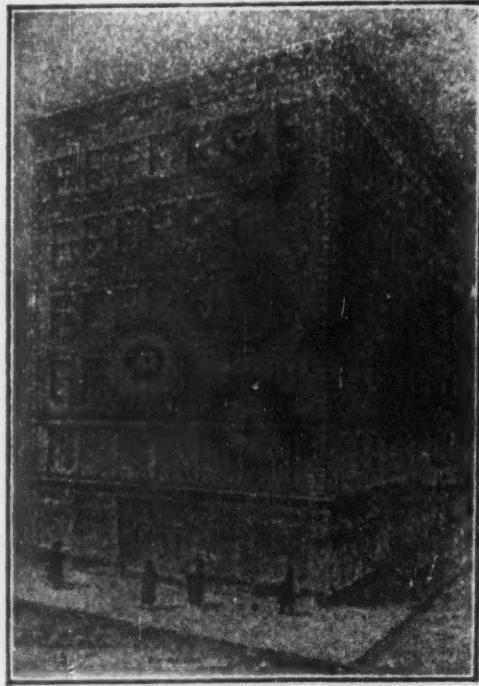
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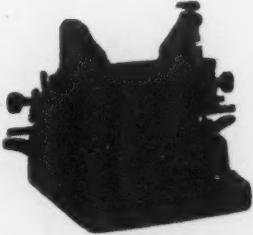
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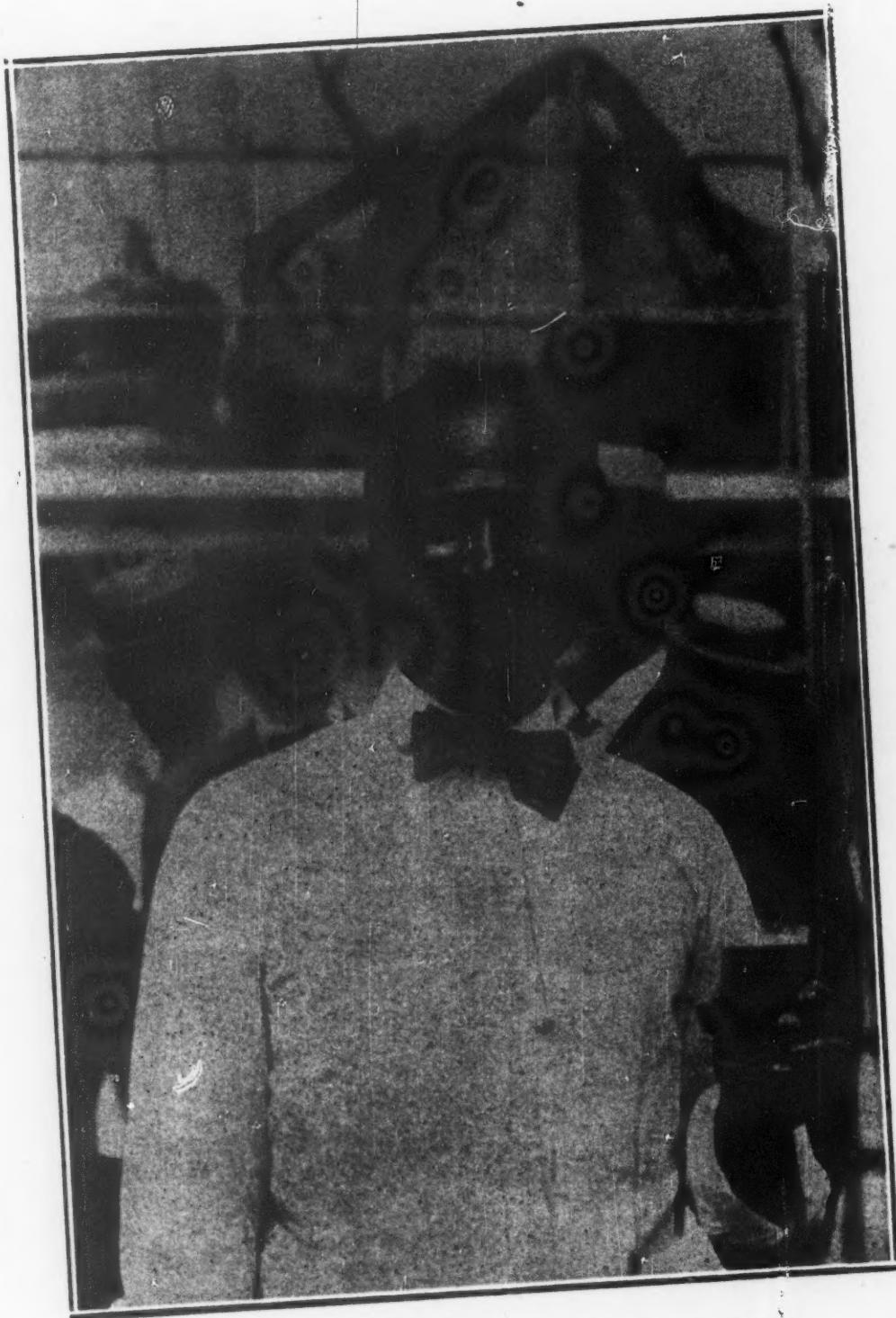
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